The Sketch

No. 2530—Vol. CXCV. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

33-YEAR-OLD "GENERAL" JEAN KNOX.

CHIEF CONTROLLER JEAN KNOX *is the head of the A.T.S., and holds rank which corresponds to that of a General. She's the wife of a Squadron Leader in the R.A.F., joined the A.T.S. before the war, and was last March appointed Inspector. She toured the country to study the problems of Service women, and in July became Chief Controller. The recruiting drive is directly under her control, and by 1942 she hopes the force will number 200,000. The uniform is being smartened up, and all A.T.S. Girls will receive training useful to them after the war.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

A

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Whatever Is, Is! Imagination—the making of images—is, we are always told, a natural faculty of the mind, not peculiar to the sophisticated, but powerful even among primitives. Perhaps; but one is often struck by the contrary tendency not to picture anything except as it happens to be at the moment. Have you noticed that when there is not a cloud in the sky, although your experience tells you that clouds may at any moment appear, it requires an effort really to picture, to believe in, a darkened, downpouring sky? You have seen the thing happen hundreds of times, and yet, when all is fine and clear, it is not a living part of your consciousness of your circumstances. Similarly, when there is nothing to be seen but leaden skies, you know quite well that it will be fine again soon, but somehow a sunlit world seems infinitely remote from reality. A single moment's reflection tells us that the past and the future are all part of the present, but while we may think abstractly of the past and the future, it is in the present that we live, move and have our being. "Nothing is but what is not," said Macbeth. To many people, nothing is but what *is*.

"*. . . and thanks a million for the egg.*"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Lullaby. Simple truths—platitudes, if you will—but I am reminded of them by some sensible words which I have been reading about "lull psychology." Bombs are not dropping round me as I write; I have only to go a hundred yards to see that they *have* dropped, terribly and abundantly; and I have only to consider for a moment to know that they will certainly drop again. But, so long as they are not actually making me jump out of my skin, I cannot deny that my skin is being, to a certain extent—an extent which I fancy Messrs. Hitler and Goering have carefully calculated—soothed. And when I see the same mood all round me, sometimes to a degree which I can only call fatuous, it alarms me. After all, what else can one do but be lulled? It would be as foolish as it would be pusillanimous to be living in a state of perpetual apprehension of what has not yet happened. Crying out before you are hit is certainly not going to win any battles. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking of "*la France eternelle*" and "*ils ne passeront pas*"; and when I hear that old parrot-squawk, "over by Christmas," which I remember so well twenty-seven years ago, and when I see the genuine steadiness of my fellow-countrymen, for which I am profoundly glad and thankful, turning to easy complacency—why, then, I repeat, I have my bad moments.

London Wall. I may be wrong, but I seem to see many indications that this subtle drug of temporary immunity is having some of the effect which, I am sure, it is skilfully designed to have. I do not think it will anæsthetise us, but it must not even make us feel drowsy. Those who are in the best position to know have given us enough warnings. Must we really wait till our backs are against the wall to fight our best? It has never struck me as the best position for hard hitting. Anyhow, let us make sure that there *is* a wall, and a very solid one—for even the stoutest wall is apt to crumble if systematically undermined. Moreover, walls can be outflanked, enfiladed and even dive-bombed. There was once a Maginot Line! Let ours be a war of movement, founded on the two great strategic principles of Going To It and Sticking At It.

Sharpening the Points. However, I suppose one ought not to express even the smallest doubts now that we have our Eight Points, risen resplendent, like Venus, from the foam of the sea. It will be remembered that that naughty old realist, Clemenceau, grumbled that Wilson annoyed him with his Fourteen Points, "when the good God had only Ten." Our leaders this time have been more modest, and I doubt not that they are right and that Eight Commandments are enough to be going on with, and enough to live up to. It is, however, matter for regret that one practical but important detail was overlooked and that an incident of such enormous publicity value was not better publicised. There seems to have been some misunderstanding, with the result that while the Ministry of Information was represented at the Historic Meeting and obtained a newsreel (quite inadequate to the occasion, as it seemed to me), the American Press was not represented at all—and very naturally resents the fact. I have no notion who was responsible for this most unfortunate muddle, but I am quite sure that in a matter so important it ought not to be possible for the muddle to happen. Even at this stage of the war, we do not seem to realise the importance of favourable publicity for our cause in the United States.

Rare and Refreshing. I see that a Women's Institute has recently had a Gallup Poll on "What I miss most as a result of wartime restrictions." The answer was—sugar, with fruit a close second. Also ran, cheese and butter. This sugar-hunger is a vicious craving, but not without a sound basis in physiology. Sugar is energy, it seems; when depressed or rattled, chew a lump of sugar, sneak the children's boiled sweets, or devour your week's ration of jam in one gulp. There *are* other forms of energy, but they cost sixteen bob a bottle, and none too easy to get, at that. As for fresh fruit, this idol is now shattered. A school doctor said to me the other day: "Here have I been preaching for years that boys must have fresh fruit, or perish. They never get a bite of it now, and in all my experience they have never been in better health! Ah, well, thank God there are always raw vegetables to keep the wolf from the door!" There is not a drop of orange-juice in the land, and all the orange-fiends are better than they have ever been in their lives. Shall we be told some day that all vitamins are slow poison to the human system? It would not surprise me; indeed, nothing about diet would surprise me.

"Now *will you admit that it wasn't one of ours?*"

DRAWN BY MICHAELSON.

Man Wants but Little. But then, not being very fructivorous (if that is the word), I can face an orangeless world with equanimity, though I *do* find unsugared tea a trial, and sometimes I share Ben Gunn's inordinate craving for cheese. I ask myself, what do *I* miss most as the result of wartime restrictions? And I am surprised to find how little I really do miss. Disappointing though it may be to Dr. Goebbels, I cannot say that hunger is gnawing at my vitals, and although food is less and simpler, I am sure I am all the better on that account. I cannot buy unlimited clothes, but then I do not want to. The

tobacco situation is irksome, but up to the moment of going to press I have managed to cope with it. I should like a new-laid egg now and then, but who am I to cry for the moon? I am a reasonable man, and I do not expect an egg to be new-laid after the Ministry of Food has sat on it for a fortnight. No, there is only one thing which I miss, and miss severely. It is a modest, old-fashioned thing, despised by our new Lords of Creation, but it has its own simple charm. It is called Peace, and it comes, not with bombs, but with healing on its wings.

Roses All the Way. Naturally, I can't have luxuries like cocktails before meals, but then a cocktail, far from being the first, is the last thing that I want with a meal. (A glass of sherry, a drop of gin-and-French—yes, yes, but let us not dream of the Unattainable). At least, I *can* have a cocktail if I really want one, according to a recipe which I have just come across. You make it by boiling two pints of rose hips with one pint of water for twenty minutes; you then "rub through a hair sieve three times, bottle and sterilise." It is said to taste like tomatoes and to contain ten times more Vitamin C than oranges. I dare say; but even Vitamin C can be bought too dearly. One must draw the line somewhere. I once, in an unguarded moment, sank as low as rhubarb wine; but if I ever take to Rose Hips Cocktail, I shall feel that I am on the road to methylated spirits. I am told that the amount of Vitamin C which they contain is a revelation even to the most hardened vitamin-addict.

Not so Good.

There is another thing I miss, and that is the old, care-free and muscle-free golf, when one occasionally came home with the feeling that Cotton might be quite a sound player, but that after all there was only a difference of two or three strokes per hole between you and him. I don't know why golf should be one of the worst sufferers from war restrictions, but somehow it is. However, the other day a remarkable thing happened to me. I played a round which distinctly resembled the game as understood by golfers—and, what is more, it included a hole in one. A few days later, I addressed the ball on the first tee, full of confidence and hope reborn. A dreadful and humiliating experience followed. Confidence died and hope was strangled at re-birth. Now, that is not only golf, it is Life; and I mention it because I want the Women of England to take note of it. It was but yesterday that no praise was too high for them. Mr. Menzies, and everybody else, said that they were definitely the Cat's Pyjamas. Now I see that the tone has changed, as it does in this hard world. The girls are not Going To It, but Coming Away From It, in the factories, and Mr. Bevin is talking to them like a Dutch Uncle.

In commending a feminine Deputy-Commissioner, Mr. Morrison actually said that he "did not want any sort of buttering her, or saying sweet things because she was a woman." Harsh words to a heroine, Mr. Morrison! Don't despise butter! Your colleague, Mr. Bevin, might tell you that in the munition factories it is a case of guns or butter—or, at all events, a little judiciously-spent margarine.

"My dear, I simply reek of onions!"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Glad Tidings. Never mind, girls, the time will come again when they will be feeding you butter by the bucket, regardless of your figures! Meanwhile, here is a word of comfort for you, amid all the unkind things that are being said (even to threats of prosecution, no less!). A million pairs of silk stockings are to be released. They have been "frozen," and now, apparently, they are to be thawed, because they are "not suitable for export." I hope this does not mean that no customer abroad would look at them, because I understand that some of you, when you buy a pair of silk stockings, have a curious, wayward preference for hose rather than ladders, and any fireman will tell you that there is an important difference between the two things. However, there it is—a million pairs will come skipping out of cold storage, and now you must scramble for them.

Like the Prime Minister, I cannot promise you anything but blood, toil and tears, but you who have survived many a stricken queue and emerged triumphant from many a bloody bargain-counter (I beg you not to misunderstand me)—you will not shrink from this ordeal nor fail in this hour of need! But as there are only a million pairs for about twenty million of you, your best foot will have to be foremost indeed if it is going to get a stocking!

Forgive and Forget.

Among the honoured names of those recently deceased, I see that of Mr. Charles Pendlebury. If I were Percy Bysshe Shelley, I should write an ode beginning—

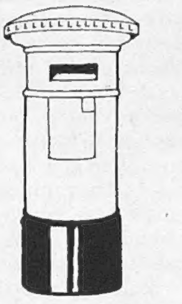
O weep for Pendlebury—he is dead!

But, as it happens, I am not Percy Bysshe Shelley. Mr. Pendlebury spent a long life of honourable and fruitful toil in the study and instruction of Arithmetic, and wrote no less than twenty-two books on the subject. May I add my respectful tribute to the many which have been paid to his indefatigable and distinguished labours? In saying this, however, I wish to make it plain that I am exhibiting a greater degree of magnanimity than I should ever have expected of my imperfect character. Pendlebury! This was a name which, coupled with that of Hamlen Smith, and of an older, but even more vindictive, writer called Euclid, cast a dark shadow over my childhood. Many a time I wondered, in bitterness of spirit, how any man could inflict such wanton and sustained cruelty on the young. Even now I feel a sort of fascinated wonder at a man who can write twenty-two books on Arithmetic. But I know now that it was all for my own good—or, at least, that Mr. Pendlebury meant it so. I know, too, that he deserves every honour which has been paid to his memory—but ah! It takes us long to learn to forgive, though it did not take me long to forget!

The Irrepressibles. Talking of names, I see that one George Bernard Shaw (costermonger, aged forty-four) was convicted the other day of inebriety, and the magistrate asked: "Is he known?" Also that one Winston Churchill (aged twenty-one) registered the other day for military service at Martinsville, Indiana. Irrepressible, some of these youngsters!

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—When I was shopping in the Street the other day, I suddenly caught sight of myself in a glass, and, my word, Robert, it gave me a shock—two strained and popping eyes crowned by a worried frown, nose slightly unpowdered, deep lines, as the Beauty Specialist would say, running from nose to chin, and lips so tightly compressed that it was impossible to say whether they had been decently coloured that morning or not.

"Good heavens!" I cried aloud. "This is terrible!"

"What is?" said Mrs. Savernack, who was just coming out of the Butcher's.

"My face," I said.

"Is it?" said Mrs. Savernack, without looking at me, and added passionately: "I do think Thompson is *unfair* with his suet."

"The Shopping Face."

I walked slowly up the Street, and noticed that every woman with a shopping basket had the Shopping Face. The contrast between them and the Visitors, who were living in Hotels or had Landladies to do the shopping for them, and had only come out to buy picture postcards, was almost frightening. Then I saw Lady B. sailing down the Street like a stately galleon. Her face was calm and placid as well as being nicely made-up. In her hand she carried an enormous basket which was full to overflowing.

I dashed across the road and seized her by the hand. "Darling Lady B.!" I said. "How do you do it?"

"Do what, Henrietta?"

"Look so calm and lovely in the middle of this battlefield."

"I don't always *feel* calm," said Lady B. "But when I begin to want to scream I do this." She took me by the arm and led me through the little alley-way which runs beside the Ironmonger's to the sea. "I stand here," said Lady B., "and look at the sea, and then I take six deep breaths and say, 'Thank goodness there's enough of something.' Then I go back and finish my shopping."

The sea was looking very lovely that morning—a deep indigo on the horizon, fading to grey—and there was obviously a great deal of it. Fortified, I returned to the Grocer's and waited my turn in the queue.

After I had given my order, Mr. Green leant across the counter and whispered, "I've got a quarter of sultanas here if you'd care for them."

"Mr. Green!" I said, and sat down suddenly on a chair, for my legs had given way beneath me.

When Charles came home that evening he went about the house sniffing. "What a delicious smell!" he said. "If I didn't think I should be locked up in a lunatic asylum, I'd say it was Home Made Cake."

"It *is* Home Made Cake," I said, and Charles collapsed just as I had in Mr. Green's shop that morning.

But our cup of joy was to be filled fuller yet. That evening Bill and the Linnet both telephoned to say that they were coming home for the week-end. "And we've got the Cake, Charles," I said in an awed whisper, for it all seemed too wonderful to be true.

On Friday evening Bill and the Linnet ate our meat ration for the following week, the last of the green peas and the first of the tomatoes. After that they laid down their knives and forks with a sigh and said, "What's next?" On Saturday they ate the rabbit I had acquired with almost indecent importunity from the butcher, also our ration of butter and margarine. On Sunday we opened the Invasion Tongue and Bill scraped out the marmalade pot. But the Home Made Cake was still untouched—the *spécialité de la maison* for Monday, before their train went at six o'clock.

On Monday morning, on my way home from the Street, I met my children, who had risen late, on their way down to have ices. They looked lovely, and I was filled with an insane pride at the sight of them. This exaltation was short-lived, because when I got home Matins met me at the door. "Your cake's gone," she said with a gleeful smile, for Evensong makes the cakes and she is jealous of them. I rushed to the cake-tin; and though it wasn't quite all gone, the piece that was left was so small that it had to lie on its side. Crumbs all over the bath-room floor showed where the horrid orgy had taken place.

When Charles came in I flung myself, weeping, on to his chest. "They don't *know* what housekeeping is like these days," I sobbed. "They simply *don't know*!"

"There, there," said Charles kindly. "You're overtired."

"And what's going to happen this afternoon?" I cried. "They've asked people to tea, and there's not a cake left in the town."

"Go out," said Charles, "and leave 'em to it."

"'Thank goodness there's enough of something.'"

Like so many of Charles's ideas, this seemed a good one. So that afternoon I put on my best hat and some gloves and descended pompously to the drawing-room, where my children and their friends were draped over the chairs, listening with apparent enjoyment to some crooning on the wireless. My hat provoked a mild sensation, but my departure did not, as I have always made a point of leaving the Young to their own parties, and everybody politely wished me a pleasant afternoon.

I had tea with Charles in his Surgery. Miss Porson, his secretary, who likes to have a cosy cup of tea with him herself, registered mild disapproval. But we had a cheerful meal nevertheless, picturing the Young confronted by an empty cake-tin (for tea-time in our house is the hiatus between Matin's exit and Evensong's entrance, and we get it for ourselves), and rushing out into the Street only to be confronted by empty shops. "Do 'em good," said Charles, remembering his marmalade.

I was still enjoying my worm-turning act on the way home, so I thought I would drop in on Lady B. in her new flat and share the joke with her. As I walked in, there seemed to be rather a noise going on in her living-room, and when I opened the door I saw my children and their guests sitting round the table, completing what had obviously been a lavish and uproarious meal. Lady B. was behind the tea-pot, beaming.

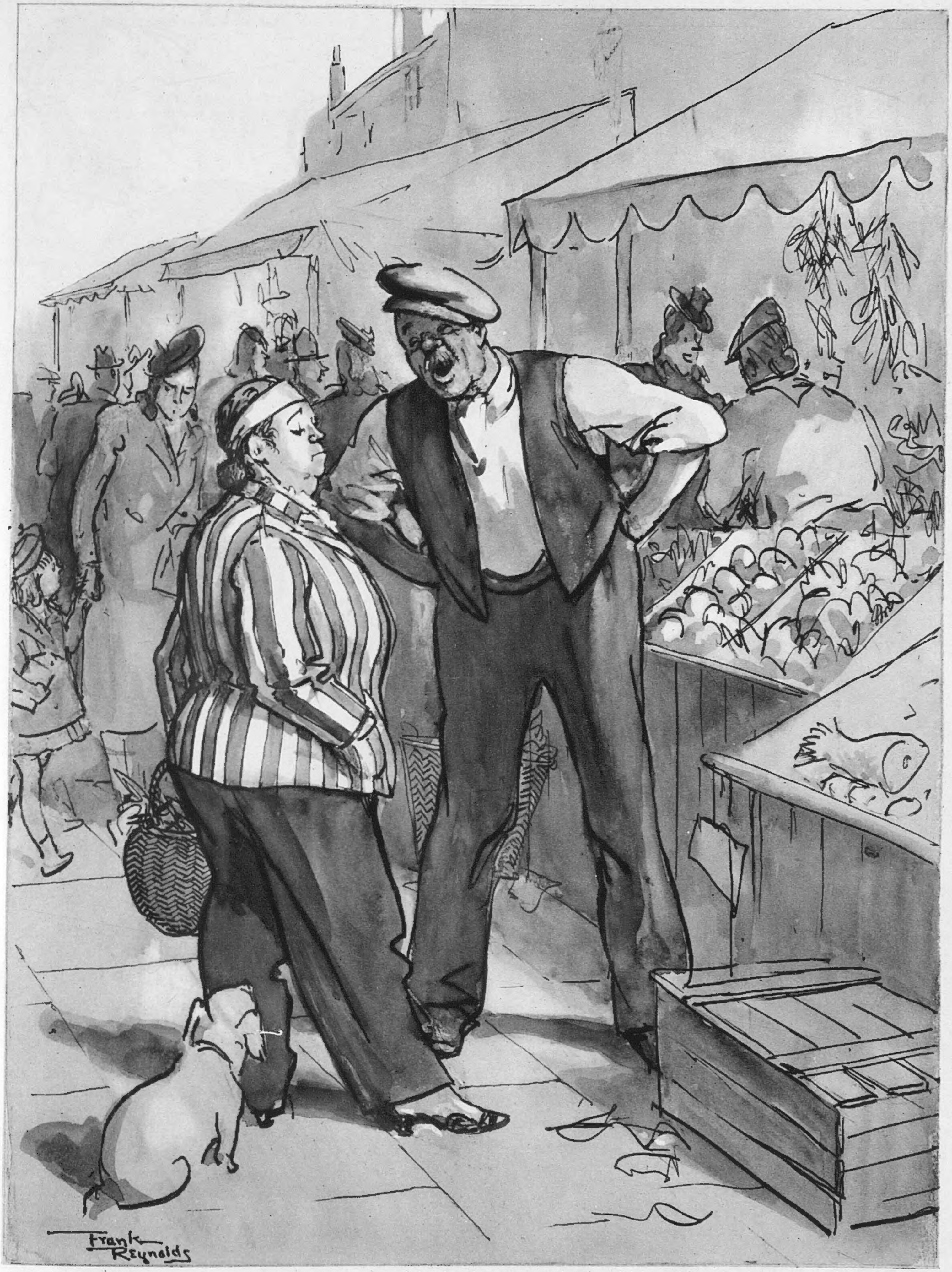
"Where the horrid orgy had taken place."

I went to the station with Bill and the Linnet to see them off. They each took one of my arms as we walked up the hill. "I wish you weren't going," I said miserably.

"It's been a heavenly week-end," said the Linnet.

"Rather!" said Bill. "Jolly good food, too."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.



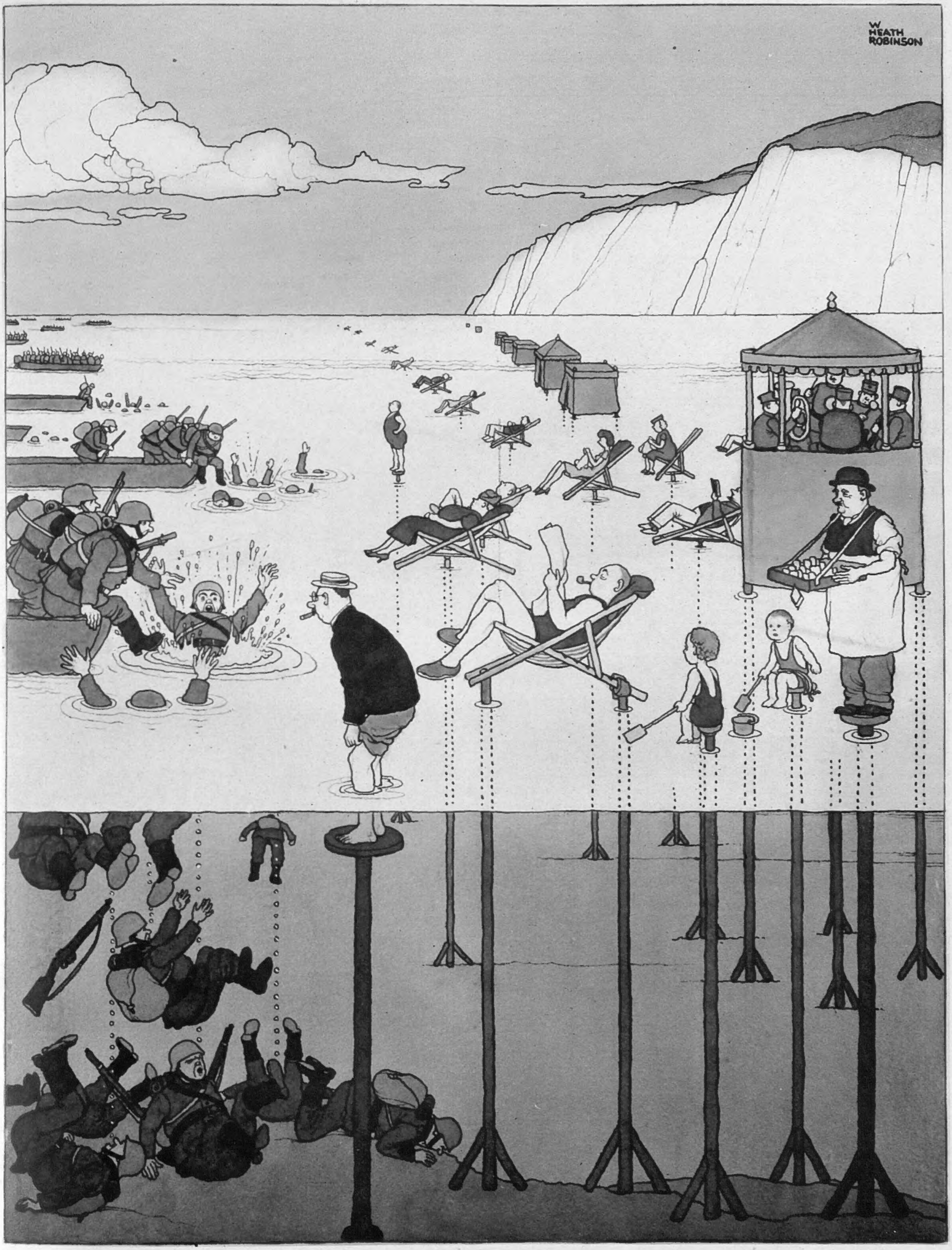
" 'OW MANY RUNS DID YER MAKE?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"AND THEN THE SOLDIER . . ." NO. 1.

Sherriffs, the artist, is now a serving soldier, but he has not forgotten his peacetime art. Here is the first of an amusing new series of his impressions of the Army of to-day.

CARICATURES BY SHERRIFFS.



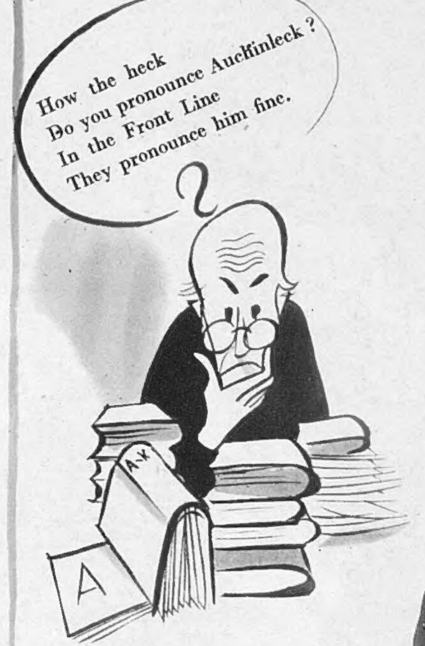
DECEIVING THE INVADER AS TO THE STATE OF THE TIDE.

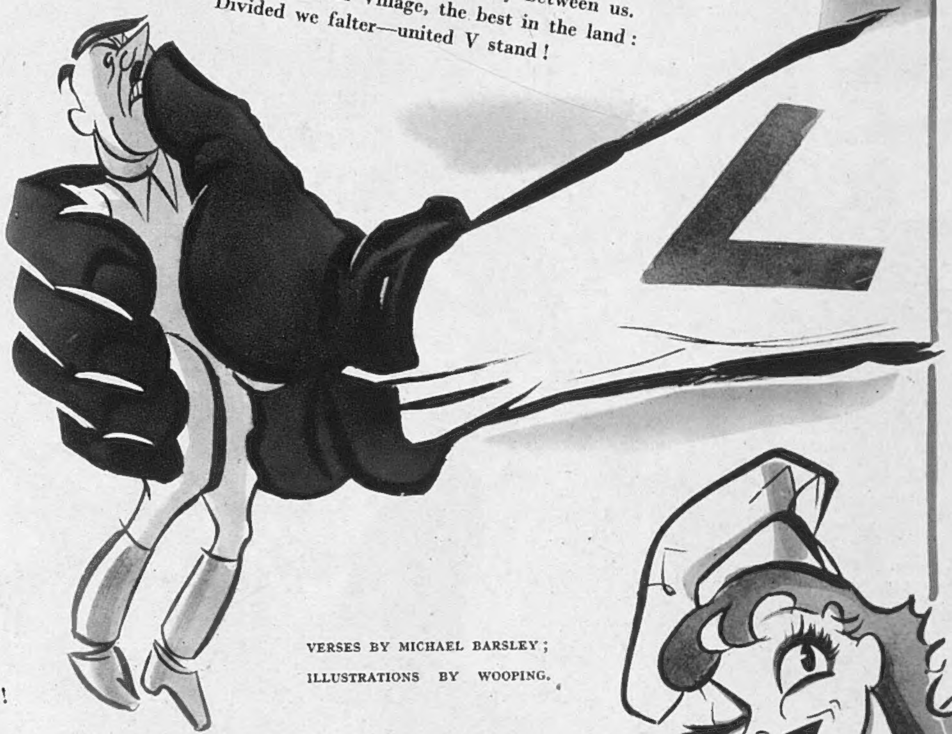
This brilliant anti-invasion defence evolved by Mr. W. Heath Robinson should help to frustrate the designs of any Nazi landing-parties.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE VILLAGE OF V——

V 's for Our Village, and lest you forget,
Herewith we 're presenting a Village Vignette.
V for the Vicar, who, rather like Destry,
Rides once again, on a horse, to the vestry;
V for Victoria, stately in bronze,
V for our Varsity—two retired Dons!
V for our V.A.D.s, give them V Cheers,
They do their job smiling, with no volunteers!
V for our Verger—you won't find a better 'un—
Eighty next month, so we call him the Veteran.
V for the Various People who harrow
Our local allotment, all thrilled to the marrow!
V for our Viscount; we all call him Marmaduke,
Son of an octogenarian farmer Duke.
V for our Vamp—she 's a regular Venus—
Fond of Vice-Admirals, strictly between us.
Here 's to Our Village, the best in the land:
Divided we falter—united V stand!





THE BUCKETEERS

(Overheard during Fire-Drill at the Village of V——)

Please leave my bucket alone,
Mr. Postlethwaite,
Please leave my bucket alone.
Give over, chuck it,
It isn't your bucket,
You ought to have one of your own.
So please leave my bucket *alone*,
Mr. Postlethwaite,
Please leave my bucket alone!

VERSES BY MICHAEL BARSLEY; ILLUSTRATIONS BY WOOPING.

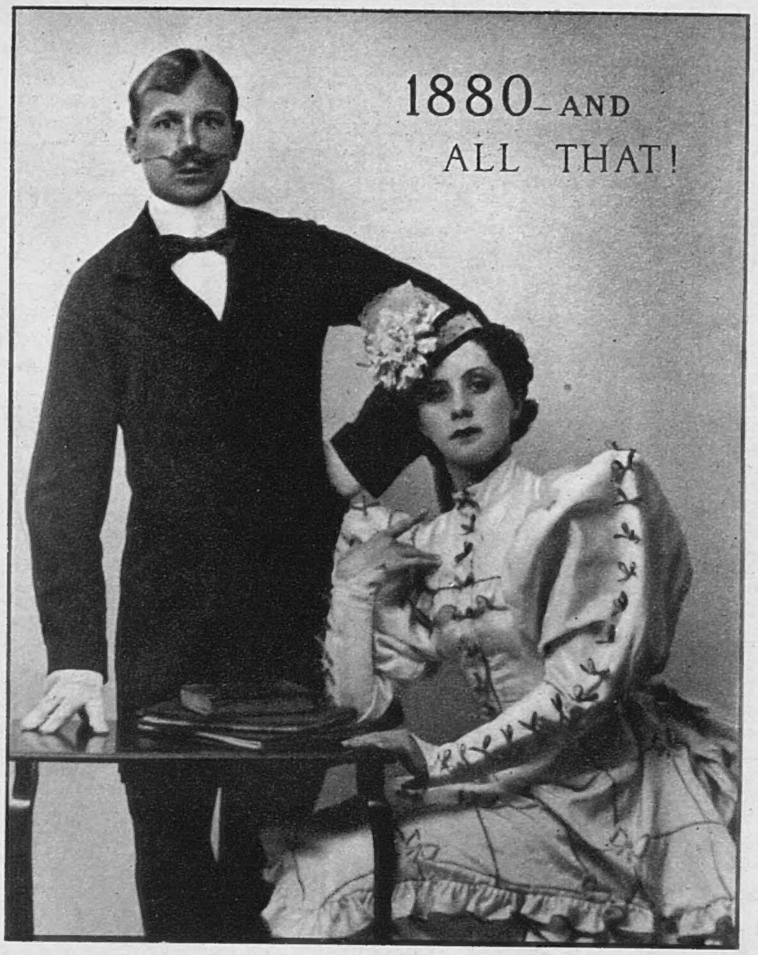
JAM SESSION

My, my,
The W.I.
Has made simply pots of preserve!
Rasp and Goose
And Blackcurrant Juice,
And Rhubarb, I fear, in reserve.

Good-bye
Says the W.I.,
To the spoonful you used to borrow.
The Institute *femme*
Can guarantee jam,
Plenty of Jam To-morrow!

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.

"HOSIERY": BY J. N. UNWALLA, F.R.P.S.



"1880 AND ALL THAT": BY STUART BLACK, F.R.P.S.

"JO-JO": BY F. S. HERRINGTON, A.R.P.S.

"LET US BE GAY": BY DOROTHY BALVAIRD.

CHARM, FUN, NO GRIM ACTUALITY AT THE R.P.S.

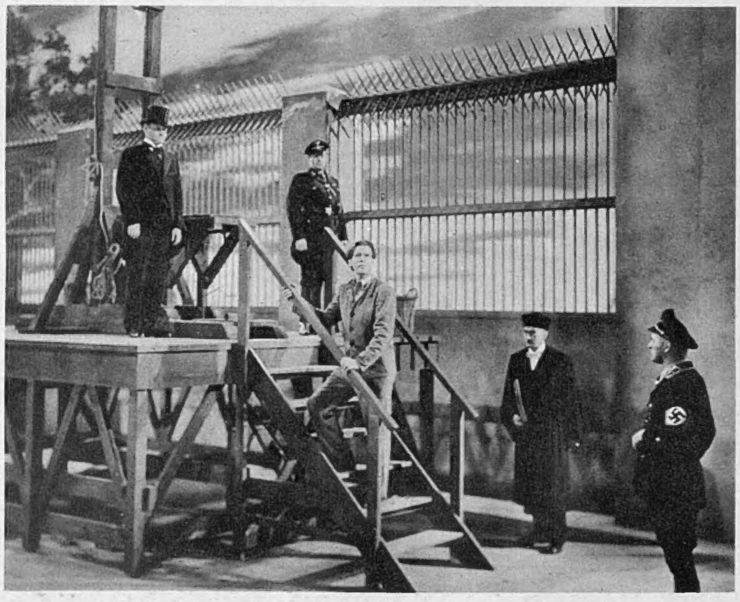
The 86th Exhibition of the ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN *was due to be opened at 16, Prince's Gate, on Friday last, September 5, by Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P., Hon. F.R.P.S., the Minister of Aircraft Production. The British camera artists have made their show particularly attractive by avoiding grim actualities, and exhibiting many charming and amusing peacetime subjects. The exhibition cannot, however, be accused of escapism, as a display of Ministry of Information war pictures has been arranged as a kind of annexe in the lounge.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BYE" (Plaza) is the sort of film about which your friends, when asked if they enjoyed the piece, will probably pause for a second and then say, with some surprise, "Well, actually, I did."

The surprise is due to the fact that "Kiss the Boys Good-bye" is a pretty slim piece of entertainment, when you come to think about it. The enjoyment is due to the fact that it is also pretty slick. Clare Boothe, authoress of "The Women," wrote the original play on which the film is founded. It was a satire, in Miss Boothe's best fur-and-claw style, on a Southern belle who went to a Connecticut house-party to meet a Hollywood producer and coax out of him the part of Velvet O'Toole, Southern heroine in the Civil War screen epic "Kiss the Boys Good-bye."



"UNDERGROUND" *(Warner Theatre) is the story of an illegal German radio broadcasting inflammatory freedom messages from different stations every night. Eric Franken* (PHILIP DORN) *leader of the Underground Movement, ascends the scaffold, hears his brother's voice carrying on the good work in defiance of the Nazis.*

There were several reasons why Paramount should have altered the plot in the film version. In the first place, the frenzied, nation-wide search for Scarlett O'Hara, which patently inspired Miss Boothe, was now past history. In the second place, successful movies about Hollywood have been rare enough to discourage further efforts. And, in the third place, as the director himself drily admitted, there were several situations in the piece that were more likely to get past the motion-picture censors if they applied to the living theatre and not to the screen.

At all events, "Kiss the Boys Good-bye" is now about a nation-wide search for a Southern girl to play one Marybelle in a Broadway musical show. The heroine, Cindy Lou Bethany (Mary Martin), is an out-of-work Broadway chorus girl who goes hurrying back to her Georgia home when she learns that the play's director (Don Ameche) is to comb the South in search of a leading lady. There, on the old plantation, demure in a crinoline and picture-hat, and dripping with the honey of the Old South, she vamps him into giving her an audition. Ably supported by a syncopated chorus of darkies, she almost sings him into submission — but not quite. The director, a strong, mistrustful man with little *flair*, one feels, for showmanship, shakes off his Cindy Lou and goes north again to the fading star to whom he has really promised the part of Marybelle. Miss Cindy follows him, helped in the conspiracy by the show's composer (Oscar Levant), who knows a song-bird when he hears one. At the swanky house-party thrown by the play's producer (Jerome Cowan) and its angel (Guy Kibbee), she drops the act, comes out as a Broadway sophisticate who knows just where the "t's" are crossed and the "i's" dotted. She makes one running dive at her rival and butts her straight into the ornamental swimming-pool. She gets the part of Marybelle.

After their leader has been executed, Kurt (JEFFREY LYNN), *his brother, carries on with the illegal broadcast. Sylvia is with him. The film shows the manifold activities of the "underground army," every astonishing detail being vouched for by a leader of the anti-Hitler movement who escaped from Germany just after the outbreak of war.*

The film, as it stands, has patently been written as a "vehicle" for the charms of Miss Mary Martin, who flashed into Broadway fame three years ago with her strip-tease act and the number "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." In her last film she sang "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." In the present one she does a version of her celebrated strip-tease. She does it to a song called "That 's How I Got My Start," poised on a diving-board, beginning in a crinoline and ending in a swimming-suit. Experts tell me it is a good strip-tease act, but for those who are as profoundly uninterested in strip-tease as I am, I would add that Miss Martin has other charms as well. She knows how to put over a number with rhythm and melody. She is easy to listen to. She looks well in almost anything, as well as in almost nothing. Her face has the warm curves of a Claudette Colbert, combined with the piquancy of a Jean Arthur. . . . Mr. Ameche's face has warm curves too, but he is not nearly, I should say, so piquant. . . . Mr. Levant, who looks like a cross between Orson Welles and Peter Lorre, isn't piquant at all, and his part starts nowhere and gets no place; but what a big help he is to the film!

"SUNNY" (Regal) is the last of the trilogy of musical comedies that Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle produced for our relaxation during their sojourn in America. It is slightly better than "Irene" and considerably better than "No, No, Nanette," but it isn't quite the class of work we have come to expect from the team that made "Sixty Glorious Years" and "Nurse Cavell," or even, for that matter, "Nell Gwyn" or "Peg of Old Drury."

KAAREN VERNE *plays Sylvia Helmuth, a café violinist. Col. Heller, of the Gestapo* (MARTIN KOSTECK), *tries to connect her with the Underground Movement, and to force her to inform on her confederates.*

"Sunny" suffers badly from the musical comedy's most common malady—plot trouble. The story is, vulgarly speaking, a piece of cheese. It is the old one about the golden-hearted little show-girl—this time she is a circus performer — who falls in love with the rich young man, and goes to stay at his horrid rich home, where all the horrid rich relatives are nasty to her. The pay-off, the great Second Act Misunderstanding without which musical comedies could not exist at all, comes on the wedding-day, when the circus troupe turn up *en masse*, clowns, eccentric dancers, performing seal and all, to please their star, their Sunny. They go straight into their circus routine, right out there among the guests in the lobby. It 's a scandal. Society turns pale, Press photographers go wild with joy, the seal roars, the bridegroom orders them out of the house, the bride comes flying down the stairs in her wedding veil, places a well-aimed kick on the seat of the snootiest relative, and goes back to the sawdust with her loyal but misguided colleagues. The repentant bridegroom has to buy up every seat in the place, not to mention taking a dip in the Mississippi, before he can win her back again.

The best things in "Sunny" are, first, the tunes; and second, the dancing. The tunes—"Who?" and "Do You Love Me?" in particular—are still delightful, and Miss Neagle and Mr. John Carroll sing them very pleasantly. The dancing is at its neatest when long, lean Ray Bolger slides out into the spotlight with his taps and spins, like a nimble and very well-trained grasshopper. The worst thing about "Sunny" is that it seems to be largely deficient in a sense of humour. Mr. Wilcox, or somebody, has given avoirdupois to a thing that ought to be as light as a feather. The heavy and ornate settings, the elaborate costumes,

add to this effect, and although everybody laughs and bounds about a lot, I couldn't help feeling that the gaiety was often artificial.

I am not quite sure, either, if Miss Neagle's long preoccupation with graver things hasn't carried her a little outside the realm of the golden-hearted show-girl. Not that "Sunny" is beyond Miss Neagle's capacities; rather, perhaps, Miss Neagle is beyond Sunny's. I seem to detect an authority in her face, a firmness of character, that doesn't quite match with the naïve charm of the Irenes and the Nanettes and the Sunnys. There is a paradox about it sometimes, a certain oddity, rather as if one found Mr. Winston Churchill sitting down to an intensive study of "Little Men."

Speaking of the Churchills, the Prime Minister's up-and-coming actress daughter, Sarah, appears with her husband, Vic Oliver, in a film at the London Pavilion called "HE FOUND A STAR." The part Miss Churchill plays here doesn't make any very extensive demands on a girl who has already tackled Juliet and Mary Rose, although without benefit of cameras. She appears as the loyal, overlooked secretary of a theatrical agent, Lucky Lyndon (Mr. Oliver). Lucky starts his business in a small way with a big idea. He fancies he can find work and fame for all the little people of the show world, the misfits, the turns that don't quite "jell." Nobody really believes in him except himself and his secretary, Ruth; but he finds a Thespian has-been (Robert Atkins), and turns him into a successful music-hall star; he finds a Negro stevedore (Uriel Porter), and makes him a fashionable night-club singer; he finds a couple of acrobats, and shows them how to somersault into the big time.

"HE FOUND A STAR" *(London Pavilion) stars* Vic Oliver *as Lucky Lyndon, a theatrical agent,* Sarah Churchill *as his secretary. Here is one of Lyndon's "finds," the ape-man, frightening his actress friend Susanne* (EVELYN DALL) *and her escort Raymond* (PETER SAUNDERS) *into a fit.*

Gradually Lucky Lyndon's agency begins to prosper, moves into new stream-lined offices with chromium chairs and walnut panelling, but it doesn't do Ruth no good nohow. She still pounds away at her typewriter, poor, misguided girl, while Lucky takes expensive blondes out to dinner. At last Lucky's predilection for blondes gets him into real trouble. Night-club singer Susanne (Evelyn Dall), whom he has fixed up to star in a new show, lets him down on the opening night. At the time when she should be in her dressing-room making up for the "Coster Rumba" number, she is down at Croydon, or somewhere, waiting to flip off to Hollywood and a motion-picture contract. It's the little people, hastily summoned by telephone, who save the show. In a hastily-contrived performance, which unhappily we don't see, Lucky's original clients keep the curtain up until Ruth, with a shrewd bit of feminine diplomacy, brings back the star from Croydon. Of course, there's a happy ending—what else should there be to this sort of tale?

SARAH CHURCHILL *as Ruth Cavour, Lucky Lyndon's secretary, suffers a temporary eclipse in favour of the blonde actress Susanne.*

The best thing about this very simple and often naïve piece is its constant suggestion that Miss Churchill will some day do a better one. As a débutante film actress—she has only appeared in one picture before, "Spring Meeting"—she is still uncertain of her touch. She is often restrained when she should be bold. She slips shyly past a point when a veteran would hit it square on the head. You long to shout at her, "Relax, girl, relax!" Some day she will relax, and then that keen mind of hers, that sensitive voice and that honest capacity for work will produce something that should startle.

Mr. Oliver's part may disappoint customers who look for something-funny-with-a-fiddle, a variation of his "Hi, Gang!" act. As Lucky Lyndon he plays straight. I wouldn't know whether you like him playing straight or not, and I have the feeling that Mr. Oliver isn't sure either.

"UNDERGROUND" (Warner) has been rushed into the theatre ahead of previously-announced attractions, on account of that mystery voice on the German radio, popularly known here as "Ivan the Terrible." Ivan, according to Warner's publicity, has "shot red-hot topical interest into 'Underground.'" One thing Ivan hasn't done, though, is to shoot much conviction. Mind you, it's a cunning whipper-up of surface emotions. Made as a deliberate successor to "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," it brings all the resources of Hollywood and *emigré* Europe to bear on the attack on Nazi mentality and habits. Kurt Schmidt, who acted as technical adviser on the film, is said to have been one of the leaders of the anti-Hitler movement inside the Reich until he fled the country just after the outbreak of war. Presumably, he has sound authority for his account of the secret radio system operating inside Germany, though the evidence doesn't suggest that he knows much about city life in a black-out.

The trouble with "Underground" is that it lays everything on too thick. Black is so black and white is so white you just wouldn't believe. It tells the story of a secret broadcaster (Philip Dorn), who is embarrassed by the sudden return from the front of his brother (Jeffrey Lynn), a fervent Nazi officer. Enemies in politics and rivals in love (Love—Kaaren Verne), the brothers are played one against the other by the Gestapo. Mr. Lynn unwittingly betrays Mr. Dorn, but, taken to watch the brutalities of the Gestapo by a spectacled typist (Mona Maris), he eventually sees the light. As his father and brother are led to execution, Mr. Lynn's American voice rings out from the loud-speakers in the prison yard. He has picked up the torch. He carries the undying flame. Hollywood has saved Germany.

Finally, anybody who is interested in the Disney cartoons—and that means everybody—will want to see "THE RELUCTANT DRAGON" (Gaumont). This piece, like "Fantasia," uses both cartoon and living actors. It is a curious and rather fascinating mixture of fantasy and documentary. The film opens with a real-life sequence, showing critic-comedian Robert Benchley visiting the Disney studios, with the object of persuading "Walt" to make a film of Kenneth Grahame's story, "The Reluctant Dragon." Through the eyes of Mr. Benchley we see the vast cartoon-factory at work. We meet the boss himself, the animators, the "voices" of Donald Duck and Clara Cluck. We see examples of the work of each department, glimpse extracts—very tasty, very sweet—from "Bambi," "Dumbo" and other forthcoming cartoons, and finally end up in the "sweatbox," or projection-room, where a new film is just about to be screened. This sneak preview, to Mr. Benchley's surprise, but not ours, turns out to be "The Reluctant Dragon."

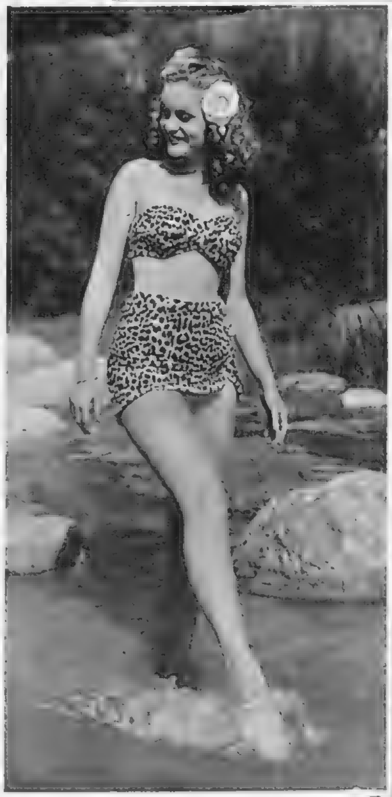
Lucky Lyndon is not above using his own talents to improve the queue entertainer's work; and Ruth applauds his efforts.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

SAPPER MALKIN—*for being a champion tree feller, by jigger.*

THIS WAAF.—*for being the R.A.F.'s "safety-first" mannequin.*

ALEXIS SMITH, a young Hollywood actress, makes a charming fäery picture in her wild-beast skins and full-blown roses in her hair.



ALEXIS SMITH—*for being so unlike the leopard that she can change her spots quite easily.*

THE W.A.A.F. holds mannequin parades in order to ensure that the parachutes are absolutely correctly packed so that the rip-cord will open at once when pulled. The parachute seen in the picture is a new pattern. It is attached to a jacket which is capable of keeping a man afloat should he come down in the sea. The packers are giving minute attention to every detail as they watch the mannequin, who proceeds on her way looking strangely reminiscent of a girl on her way to be presented at Court, with the parachute trailing behind her like a train.

THESE INSTRUMENTALISTS—*for putting a bit of punch and go into the B.B.C. signal.*

SAPPER MALKIN of Victoria, Australia, won a tree-felling championship at the recent Axemen's Carnival, when wood-chopping and sawing competitions were held at the Abbey, Cirencester, between forestry units of New Zealand and Australia. The spectacular event he won was the felling of a tree while he stood on a jigger-board—an improvised platform fixed to the trunk—and chopped it down in sections.

THE much-criticised B.B.C. time-record signal of piano notes has at last been replaced by something more "virile and sonorous." The new trumpets and trombones have definitely added a richness to its former flaccid tinkle.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, BT., son of actress Bee Lillie, is now the gunner of a destroyer, and is seen aboard his ship during escort of a convoy off the East Coast.

GUNNER SIR ROBERT PEEL—*for making a big gun his star turn.*

ANN BARRY LUPINO—*for being the youngest member of one of the oldest theatrical families in England.*

ANN BARRY, daughter of BARRY LUPINO, and now appearing in "Lady Behave," at His Majesty's, celebrated her twentieth birthday on the stage. She is the youngest member of the famous Lupino family, who date back to the time of James I., when Georgius Lupino arrived in England from Italy. He was descended from the hereditary Italian family of puppet players of that name.

"MISS TELEVISION" MEETS HER DRESSMAKING STAND-IN.

First step: Betty Campion takes the measurements of PAT FITZGERALD, *the New York World's Fair "Miss Television."*

Next process: Moulding the sheets of warm Thermoplastic to the figure—two fore, two aft.

Armoured like a super in a Joan of Arc pageant! Pat Fitzgerald encased in skin-tight Thermoplastic.

Stepping out of the mould: Half of the dressmaking stand-in can be seen.

The girl and her double: Pat Fitzgerald posed beside her other self—the new dressmaking stand-in.

PAT FITZGERALD, young radio actress who was "Miss Television" at the New York World's Fair, has made her own clothes since she was twelve, but expects in future to make them more expertly and with far less trouble, for she has acquired what the U.S.A. calls "science's gift to the woman who sews," a moulded-on-the-figure dress-dummy—a curve-for-curve stand-in plastic which exactly duplicates every curve and plane of her young figure. The creation of the home-dressmaking stand-in or dummy is illustrated by the photographs on our page.

Double—to save trouble! Pat finds dressmaking easy when she can fit herself in dummy form.

Pat plans a skin-tight midriff of chartreuse silk to pick up the pattern of the imprimé.

THE SMILEYS AT ASHCOMBE.

JOHN PHILIP SMILEY *pumping water at his Uncle Cecil's house, Ashcombe.*

LADY SMILEY, *formerly Miss Nancy Beaton, and her son, outside the Wiltshire home of her brother, Mr. Cecil Beaton.*

Another summer sunshine study of LADY SMILEY *and her son* JOHN *in the garden of Ashcombe.*

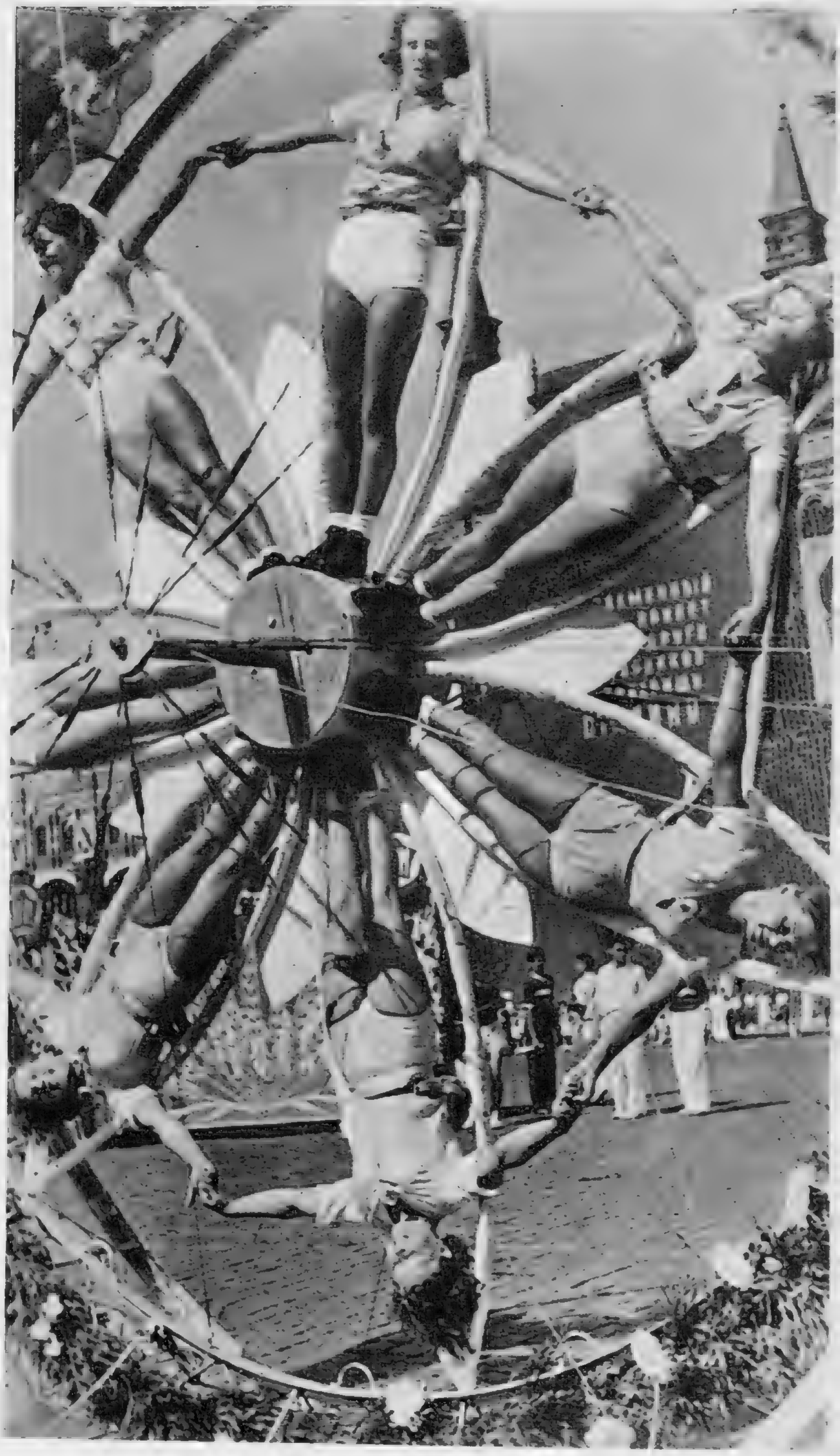
Shelling broad-beans for lunch: JOHN SMILEY *makes himself useful.*

LADY SMILEY is the wife of Sir Hugh Smiley, third Baronet. She was Miss Nancy Beaton, and is the elder of Mr. Cecil Beaton's two sisters. Her marriage took place in 1933, and she has a son, JOHN PHILIP SMILEY, who was born in 1934. Our photographs were taken at Ashcombe, the Wiltshire home of Mr. Beaton.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

BEAUTY À LA RUSSE: STRIKING STUDIES FROM THE SOVIET LIFE EXHIBITION.

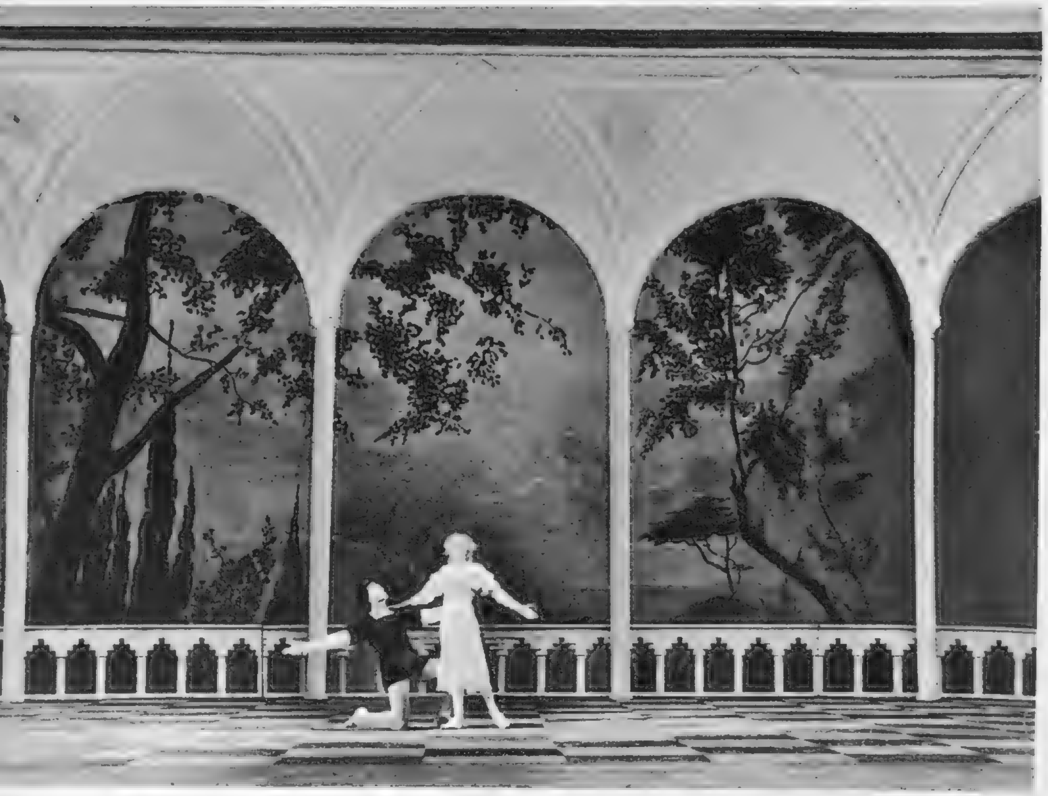
"PYRAMID OF GIRLS."



"AMUSEMENT WHEEL."

THE exhibition of photographs illustrating SOVIET LIFE, at the Suffolk Street Galleries, was recently opened by Mme. Maisky. It contains · remarkable series of camera studies arranged in groups illustrating Soviet ·ducation, theatrical and operatic productions, the Red Army, Navy and ·ir Force, agriculture, and so forth. These two striking pictures of girls ·n athletic poses are from the collection of circus pictures. On other pages ·e reproduce a series of photographs of the Shakespearean productions in ·Ioscow and Leningrad selected from those on view in the Exhibition. The show is designed to illustrate every phase of modern Russian life: the photographs are fine, well chosen and most admirably arranged.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE SOVIET MANNER:



The balcony scene in the Prokofiev ballet production of "ROMEO AND JULIET" *at the Kirov Theatre, Leningrad.*

Juliet's chamber in the "ROMEO AND JULIET"

Theseus and Hippolyta in "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" *as produced at the Central Theatre of the Red Army, Moscow.*

"*On the road*": *V. Pestovski and L. Dobrzhanskaya as Petruchio*
of the Red

IT has always been part of the policy of Soviet Russia to give full and generous encouragement to the Arts. The ballet, music and the theatre flourish under the modern régime. Thus theatrical photographs form a most important section of the Exhibition of Life in Soviet Russia which is drawing crowds daily to the Suffolk Galleries. The Shakespearean productions in Moscow and Leningrad are of particular interest to Londoners, and the photographs chosen for display at the show include a large selection of important stage scenes taken at the leading theatres, and

[*Continued opposite.*

FINE PRODUCTIONS AND A BALLET.

with People's Artist Galina Ulanova as Juliet.

"KING LEAR" *at the State Jewish Theatre, Moscow; with S. Mikhoels as the King, L. Rosina as Regan, and B. Kreitchman as Cornwall.*

Katharina in "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," *Central Theatre Moscow.*

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" *as produced at the Vaktangov Theatre, Moscow, with Hero in her wedding dress on the right.*

Continued.]
numerous studies of well-known actors in Shakespearean rôles. On these pages we give scenes from recent important productions; and also two photographs of the Shakespearean ballet "Romeo and Juliet," which has never been given in this country. Shakespeare is one of the favourite dramatists of our Russian allies, and productions of the tragedies and comedies are constantly being put on at the great Leningrad and Moscow theatres. These fine photographs from the Exhibition of Soviet Life at the Suffolk Galleries illustrate some notable presentations. The translations of the plays used are sometimes very old ones, and that for "King Lear" is usually the version made by the great actor Karatign. Prokofiev's ballet, "Romeo and Juliet," is considered one of the finest of the modern ballets. The *décor* is by P. Williams, a distinguished stage designer whose family have been resident in Russia for many generations, and are completely Russian, in spite of their British surname.

SYDNEY HOWARD *in an unconventional huntin' scene.*

RICHARD HEARNE *and* CAROLE RAYE *as the Shoemaker and the Dancer.*

RICHARD HEARNE *in one of his most amusing moments.*

"Shush!" SYDNEY HOWARD *admonishes* RICHARD HEARNE *with magnificent pomposity.*

"FUN AND GAMES," Firth Shephard's new show at the Princes Theatre, is first-class Douglas Furber and Manning Sherwin—a song, dance and laughter entertainment. It introduces a new dancing star in the person of charming and gifted eighteen-year-old Carole Raye, who made a tremendous hit on the first night, and was generally acclaimed as our latest stage star. Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, Vera Pearce and Richard Hearne are all in splendid form, and give a continuous display of their glorious clowning.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWARBRICK STUDIOS.

RICHARD HEARNE *and* SYDNEY HOWARD *committing some of their glorious follies.*

VERA PEARCE *as the huntin' woman in full sporting attire.*

"A Desert Outpost," with ARTHUR RISCOE *and* SYDNEY HOWARD *(right) as Willie and Sam.*

SYDNEY HOWARD *as the vast siren in mauve in "Un Peu d'Amour."*

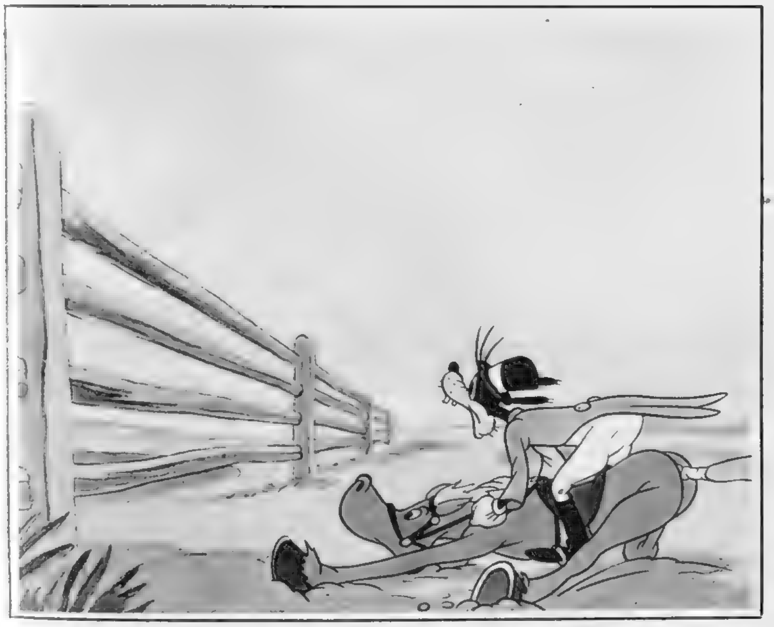
NEW SHOW WITH A NEW STAR: "FUN AND GAMES."

Goofy, all gotten up in hunting kit, mounts by step-ladder.

The horse takes charge pretty quickly.

Goofy does an appeasement act with carrots.

The horse gets Goofy down and keeps him there!



Neither Goofy nor his mount cares for the look of this timber.

The horse gets Goofy's topper and Goofy finds himself wearing the bridle.

"HOW TO RIDE A HORSE" DEMONSTRATED BY GOOFY.

"HOW TO RIDE A HORSE" is one of the cartoon motion sequences in Multiplane Technicolor, which the live-action introduction to Disney's new feature-length production "THE RELUCTANT DRAGON" leads up to. Goofy is seen in full hunting kit, giving a demonstration of horsemastership which doesn't quite go as he expects! "The Reluctant Dragon" was due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on September 7.

Sir Giles, the dragon-killer, en deshabillé.

The champion dragon-slayer demonstrates his methods.

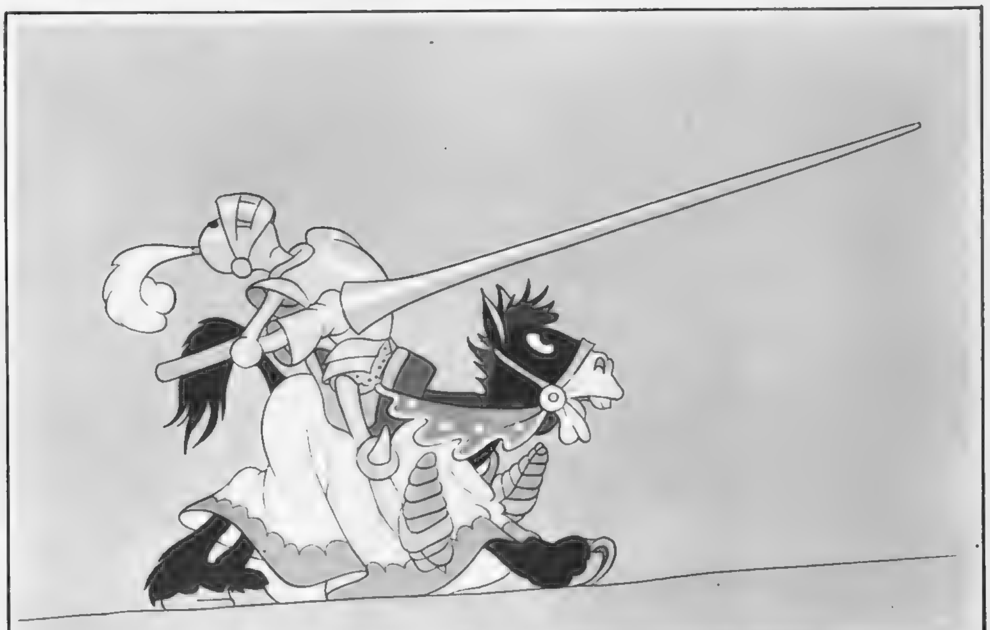
Even a tough dragon-hunter has his softer moments!

Disney's Sir Giles adjusts his monocle in the pukka way.

Attacking a door-slab sandwich at the dragon's picnic, during which the mock fight is planned.

Sir Giles launches one of his theories in Poona style.

The dragon-killer in full armour, mounted on his charger.



Full-length portrait of Sir Giles going into action.

MEET DISNEY'S MEDIÆVAL COLONEL BLIMP, SIR GILES.

SIR GILES, the mediæval Colonel Blimp, is a new Disney creation likely to delight all Silly Symphony fans. He was due to make his London début in "THE RELUCTANT DRAGON," Walt Disney's new feature-length production, on Sunday, September 7, at the Gaumont, Haymarket. "The Reluctant Dragon" is a remarkable combination of "live-action" and cartoon motion picture.

"THE RELUCTANT DRAGON," *a gentle green-and-yellow beast, doesn't want to fight.*

The musical monster plays a flute obbligato while canaries sing.

The dragon wears a napkin round his neck for the picnic.

The home-loving dragon is a pattern of bourgeois virtue.

The determined little girl scares the nervous dragon.

Not stream-lined, but a good runner: the dragon in flight.

Another angle on the dragon's flight from Sir Giles.

APPEALING MONSTER! "THE RELUCTANT DRAGON."

"THE RELUCTANT DRAGON" is a Disneyfication of Kenneth Grahame's well-known story of the amiable, musical, home-loving monster who didn't want to fight, but to be friends. Sir Giles and he meet at an appeasement picnic, followed by a sham fight in which the little boy who loves the dragon fears for his scaly friend, but all is well, the dragon escapes uninjured in spite of the apparent severity of Sir Giles's attack.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE historical setting to "The Captain from Connecticut" is the little-known war of 1812-1814 between England and America, the war in which we burned the Capitol at Washington. From a political and a military point of view it was overshadowed by the Napoleonic War, of which it was an offshoot. The blockade was as irritating to neutral countries then as now; and the Americans resented our claim to the right of search to the point of going to war about it. The war had at least one modern feature—the convoy system by which we sought to protect our commerce; and it was this system that the American Navy tried to attack. Captain Josiah Peabody, of the *Delaware*, was engaged in the hazardous enterprise of marking down stragglers from these convoys and destroying them. Hazardous, because it meant that sooner or later he would have to tackle ships of the British Navy, as well armed as himself and perhaps superior in numbers.

To the layman, at any rate, Mr. Forester's knowledge of the men-of-war of the time, and the whole art and craft of seamanship, is profoundly impressive. Whether he could have produced this effect without such a lavish recourse to technical terms is doubtful, but there are times when we feel we are reading a foreign language. The fights, pursuits and escapes of which there are many before Captain Peabody finds himself a prisoner of French hospitality in the island of Martinique, are magnificently described; nor does the violent action in which the captain, officers and crew of the *Delaware* are continually engaged absorb the interest of the novel. The relationship between Captain Peabody and his insubordinate younger brother, Jonathan, is extremely revealing about both men, as is also, in a minor degree, the impatience the Captain feels over the solicitous ministrations of his negro servant, Washington. But though there is conflict in plenty, there is no dramatic conflict in the story until the *Delaware* touches land at Martinique.

The Puritan Streak.

The ridiculous and irksome situation by which the two captains, American and British, are robbed of the fight for which they pine is very well conceived. The French Governor upholds the international ruling that ships of belligerent nations sheltering in a neutral port may not leave that port together, but must follow each other at an interval of twenty-four hours; so Peabody with his single ship, and Davenant with his three, remain at Martinique, meeting each other socially while longing to be at each other's throats. Peabody is sufficiently softened by contact with the land to fall in love with the Governor's niece, and marry her; but there is a Puritan streak in his nature which is suspicious of happiness, even the happiness he finds in Anne's arms. "Life had been too good. Anne's kisses had been too sweet. With a desperate contrariness he felt he must imperil all his unaccustomed happiness to deserve it." It is this trait in Peabody which gives his character a greater interest than it would otherwise have, and explains and partially reconciles us to its harshness; for it is very harsh and forbidding, too much so for my taste: I felt a sneaking sympathy with the scapegrace Jonathan who deserted his ship, brought shame on his brother, and married a rich widow who had already been married three times. Captain Peabody lets his morbid distrust of happiness, his obscure instinct that it must be earned at personal risk, carry him into physical danger. Thus, when the two captains, to escape from their quandary, decide to go out together to chastise the black pirate, Lerouge, Peabody boards the latter's ship and engages the negro in single combat, in the course of which he is severely wounded. And even this act of expiation is not enough. Recovered from the wound, he fights a duel with Davenant. These episodes give Mr. Forester an opportunity to display his powers, even if they slightly alienate our sympathy from a hero who was determined to be heroic at whatever cost to other people.

MRS. (MARY) PRYNNE *is the younger daughter of Mr. Frank Reynolds, R.I., whose work is well known by his regular contributions to "The Sketch" and "Punch." She married in 1933 Lieut.-Col. G. M. Fellowes Prynne, of the Border Regiment, who now commands a battalion of the Reconnaissance Corps; and she is living at present in New York with her son Jonathan, a six-year-old who, at the American school he attends, shows strong artistic tendencies inherited from his grandfathers on both sides.*

MR. QUENTIN REYNOLDS, *famous American journalist and* MRS. *and* MR. *(Radiolocation inventor)* WATSON WATT, *were the guests of honour at a recent luncheon given by Dr. Simpson at Simpson's of Piccadilly, to meet the W.A.A.F.s.* SIR WILLIAM CRAWFORD *is on the right. Praising the W.A.A.F.s for the infinite variety of their accomplishments, Mr. Quentin Reynolds thought that after the war he would like to marry one. "It would be wonderful," said he, "to be married to a woman who was a combined mechanic, chauffeur, meteorologist, typist, cobbler and radio operator!"*

Conventions of the Detective Story.

Detective fiction is not an old art, but it has already established certain conventions. One of these is that murder seldom takes place among the poorer classes: as far as I know there are no "proletarian" detective stories. Another is that no one who is legitimately in love ever commits a murder; lovers (in the non-technical sense of the word) are often suspects, but the practised reader is usually safe in acquitting them of guilt. One might extend the category of lovers to include all really nice people; and here the convention is probably sound, for really nice people do not commit murders. On the other hand, the converse—that only rather nasty people are murdered—is much less true, and many writers of detective stories do not subscribe to it. But the majority, I think, do; and that is because genuine grief, such as the relations of the murdered person, were he or she worthy of it, would naturally feel, has no place in the detective story: it would be a competing interest and destroy the emotional balance of the book. The dominating emotion in a detective story is almost bound to be excitement; others may be introduced for the sake of variety, but they are almost as irrelevant as they would be in the working-out of a cross-word puzzle. Some detective-story writers of the most austere school even dispense with excitement and rely entirely on interest. Theirs is a stylised, abstract world, life reduced to the terms of a game of chess or a mathematical problem. The authors who can breathe such a rarefied atmosphere are few; most of them make a concession to human frailty by bringing in a love-interest even if it is of the most conventional kind.

Of all the practitioners of the detective story, none has so many strings to her bow as Mrs. Agatha Christie. She, too, binds herself by conventions, but often they are conventions that she herself creates, and are rarely twice the same. Latterly, however, she has shown a tendency to invent a world that conforms, indeed, to the outward appearance of reality but is in essence purely fantastic, a world not even ruled by logic or mathematical principles, but one that illustrates, for instance, in terms of criminal behaviour, the working out of a nursery rhyme. Ingenious as they were, these stories were thin—they suffered from the kind of malnutrition which befalls any work of fiction, detective or otherwise, which has no roots in ordinary human experience.

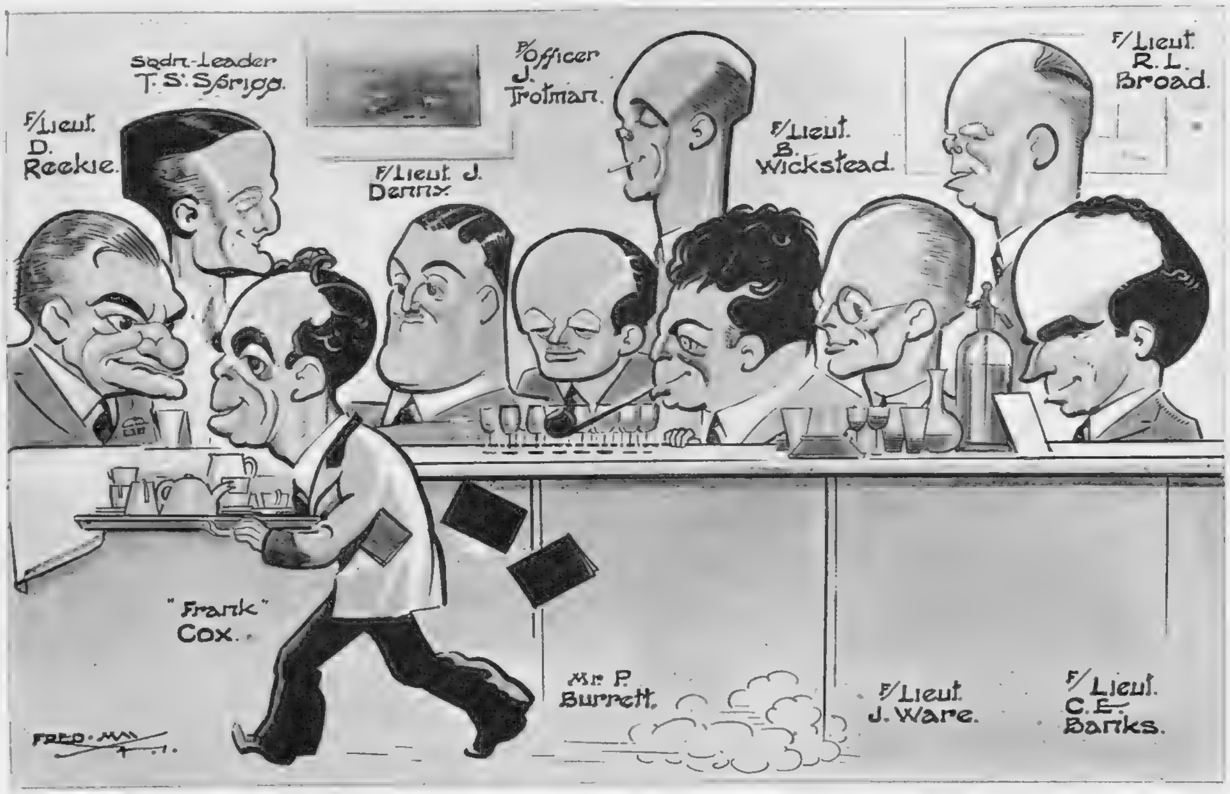
A New Departure. " Evil Under the Sun " is again a new departure. I am not sure whether Mrs. Christie means it to be a fable, almost an allegory, in the guise of a detective story, but it certainly is; it has a moral, it teaches a lesson. It would not be too much to say that such readers as are not in need of this lesson (I, alas, cannot count myself among them) will discover the criminal after the first few pages. It does not follow that they will discover how the crime was committed, for

LADY DALEY, *wife of Sir Dennis Daley, Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, works hard among the ocean of toys she collects for the children who have been evacuated owing to enemy action. She is President of the Portsmouth Branch of the Women's Voluntary Service, and takes a real, active part in its work.*

that is very elaborate and I did not tumble to it even after being presented with the clues of the bath and the bottle. " Evil Under the Sun " illustrates some of the general conventions of the detective story. The victim and the suspects are well-to-do holiday-makers, staying in a " luxury " hotel situated on an island (not quite an island, however) off the English coast and enjoying (to judge by the possibilities of sun-bathing) a more than English sun. Among them, too, are some characters—the spoilt, garrulous American wife, Major Barry, with his stories about India; Horace Blatt, the self-made man, pathetically anxious to be liked—who, but for Mrs. Christie's touch of genius, would be stock figures. But most of the others are more subtly drawn, and Linda, with her bundle of candles and her obsession, is a psychological study of great insight. Questioned with chivalrous forbearance by the police, with Continental strictness by M. Poirot, the relations and fellow-guests of the lead woman return answers whose non-committal character the reader may attribute to the fact that they are hiding something or are devoid of natural feelings; he will be sure to misinterpret their reluctant responses unless, as I said, he has already learnt Mrs. Christie's lesson. What a genius for misdirection she has! She is like a conjurer who somehow makes us miss what she is doing even when it is happening under our very noses. " Evil Under the Sun " is one of the best of her stories that I have read. It not only displays all her habitual negligent virtuosity but it illustrates, in the most telling manner, a fundamental truth of human nature. If only every detective story were like this, there would be no danger of the art withering from lack of sap.

Queer Characters. " Case in the Clinic " is more ordinary. Compared with Mrs. Christie, Mr. Lorac is a pedestrian writer, and his dialogue, though it is sometimes amusing, seldom has the ring of ordinary English speech. He abides by some of the conventions; his victims (there are three of them) are comfortably off, nor do we feel embarrassing regret at their departures. Mr. Anderby, though a good man, was old and suffered from palpitations, and, moreover, had dropped down dead on Mr. Lee Gordon's lawn before the story starts; Major Grendon, a patient at the neighbouring clinic, was a terrible bore and unpleasantly vindictive, while . . . But I must not anticipate. The shackles of another convention—that no really nice person commits a murder—Mr. Lorac skilfully evades by leaving us uncertain who is nice and who is not. Is Brook, the quack doctor of the clinic, as sinister as he likes to appear and as scandal makes him out to be? Is Falkland, another patient, as blameless as he seems? In nearly all the characters there is something equivocal, even in those who shine with surface amiability. They keep us guessing, perhaps, more than the plot itself does; after a while it becomes so intricate (one of the suspects takes a perverse delight in making it more so) that I gave up trying to see daylight and waited passively for illumination from Inspector Macdonald. My sympathies went out to the Inspector, for many of those he patiently interrogated could not give a civil answer to a civil question. I think that the solution, which has its roots a long way back in the past, and the researches which lead up to it, are the weakest part of the story; we are aware of a slackening of interest just at the moment when it ought to be most tense.

An Unconventional Hero. " Room Number Six " is an entertaining thriller and a pleasant relief from the stories of spies and international intrigue which accompany a war as inevitably as do rationing and news bulletins. But Mr. Jefferson Farjeon's originality goes further and embraces the hero. Gone is the familiar superman who can knock out two adversaries with his fists while tripping up a third with his foot. On the contrary, Mr. Simon Smith is below the average in physique, does not enjoy the best of health, and is apprehensive when the heroine drives him at fifty miles an hour. Nevertheless, in some respects he keeps to conventional lines, particularly in being as stupid and obstructionist towards the police as heroes are permitted, nay, encouraged, to be. Fortunately for him, the police are so tactful and so intelligent that one wonders how they have got so completely into the author's good books. This admirable specimen of the adventure detective story is the very thing for a spell of fire-watching.



Cartoonist Fred May was entertained at R.A.F. COMMAND H.Q., *and as his share of the treat he drew these caricatures.*

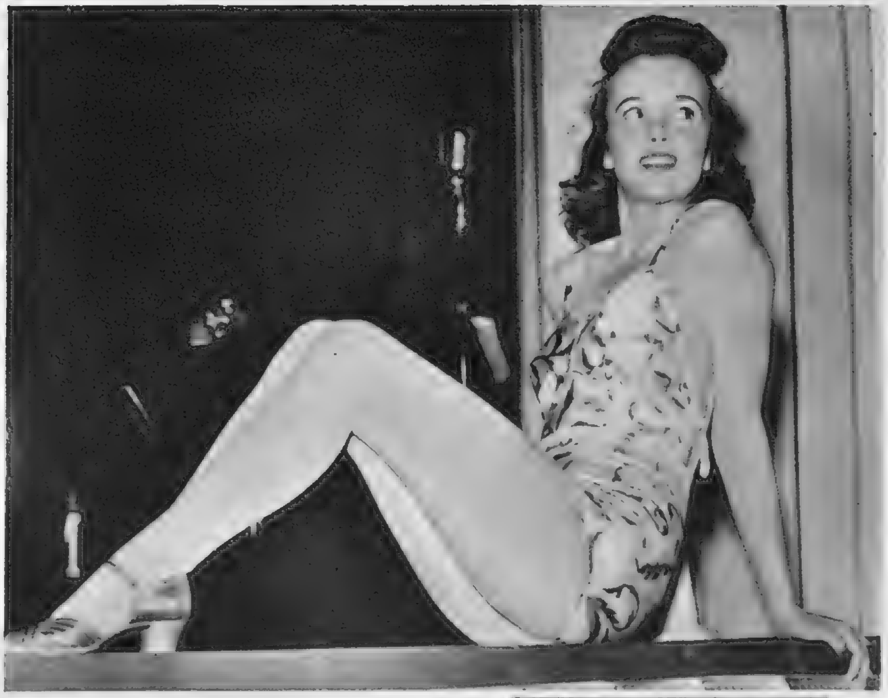
CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Captain from Connecticut. By C. S. Forester. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)
Evil Under the Sun. By Agatha Christie. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
Case in the Clinic. By E. R. C. Lorac. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
Room Number Six. By J. Jefferson Farjeon. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

The nineteenth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

Nineteen-year-old ROSELLA HANNON won the title of "Miss Western Pennsylvania" at Pittsburgh, and arranged to compete at the Atlantic City Beauty Contest.



GERALDINE MARCOUX, "Miss Michigan, 1941," is her State's representative in the contest for the title of "Miss America." She is twenty, and plans a career in social-medical work.

BEAUTY À L'AMÉRICAINE.

Right: BETSY NEHF, twenty-one-year-old "Victory Sweater Girl of America," was elected by the British-American Ambulance Corps. Note her "Victory V" with morse signal.

ALMA CARROLL holds the title of Queen of America's National Defence. She was chosen by the three Services as their ideal American girl.

BARBARA WILSON, elected "Miss California," was chosen as hostess to candidates from all parts of the States in the beauty contest at Venice, Cal.

CANADIAN PILOT WRITES HOME.

R.A.F., England.

MY DEAR HANK,

Having just arrived back at the 'drome after my leave, I find that I have a few moments to spare, so here goes. Gee! I wish you could have been with me, you sure would have enjoyed yourself. Actually, the whole "debauchery" nearly ended in a very serious accident, but it appears to be all O.K. now...

Peter, my gunner, happens to live quite close to here, so we decided to go over to his joint to stay. He has one of those "baby" cars and we had managed to save up our ration (auto-juice is as tough to obtain as a cigarette over here), so he suggested that we took his car and a small caravan of his and ran over to Cambridge and spend a couple of days "roughing it"—as though we hadn't had enough of that already! Being a couple of saps, my observer and I O.K.'d his proposal and off we went.

The battery in his "car" (for want of a more suitable word) was nearly flat, so every time we wanted to start we had to unhook the goddam car, push it until the engine fired and then hitch the caravan again. . . . Well, eventually, and in a very merry state, we arrived at Cambridge and rocketed over a meadow and "pitched camp." Peter, being the host, was also the cook. After three quarters of an hour's struggling with a mulish oil stove he packed it in and we all ate in the town. We had a grand evening, and we could have had a grand night's rest, but Peter, who was sleeping on the floor (there were only two bunks, and my observer said that since Peter was so used to being cramped up in the gun turret of our 'plane, one night spent on the floorboards wouldn't mean a thing to him), kept imagining that there were spiders all over him and spent half the night lighting matches. In the morning we discovered that there were no spiders at all—there were ants!

Three-quarters of an hour with a mulish stove.

Snakes! You should have seen Peter's face!

About midday we decided to go on the river, Peter wanting to bathe because he said he felt unclean. We hadn't got the energy to take a punt, so we canoed instead. After about a couple of miles old Peter remembered that his costume was in the caravan.

"You've 'had' it," we told him.*

Both my observer and I were in our uniforms, but Peter was in "civvies." Eventually we found a secluded spot and Peter went in "nood." He hadn't been in five minutes when an armada of punts, bearing a bunch of co-eds, glided round the corner and, of course, stopped right opposite. Snakes! You should have seen Peter's face!

After a while he began to turn a pale blue, so we paddled the canoe, with Peter clinging on to the side, around the corner. We had got him half on board when something kinda jiggered our centre of gravity, and before we knew where we were we found ourselves in the water alongside of Peter. . . .

We spent the rest of the day inside the caravan having ant races, out of which I managed to scrounge three bucks—sorry, fifteen shillings! During our enforced idleness (Goddam! What's chewing me?)——while we were amooching we drifted into one of our pet arguments: Canada *versus* England.

"You guys in England are too stuck-up," I says; "you're about as affable as street-posts."

"Merely a sense of decorum, old boy," replies my observer.

"Don't hand me that stuff!"

I sure feel right mad and drag out the hackneyed example of the English railroad coach.

"Why, it's like sitting in a morgue," I point out; "folk look at you like you were a bit of bad cheese if you so much as rustle a newspaper. Why, back home, etc., etc.," and I sure give it 'em good and hard.

The next day, however, they think that they've got the drop on me in a big way. It's evening, you see, Hank, and we're rattling along like nobody's business with the hood and the windscreen down and the breeze blowing and the sun just preparing to roost—Oh, it's really swell!

Well, first we see a bunch of workmen on bicycles waving to us. My observer points them out:

"Like street-posts, eh?" and he waves back at 'em.

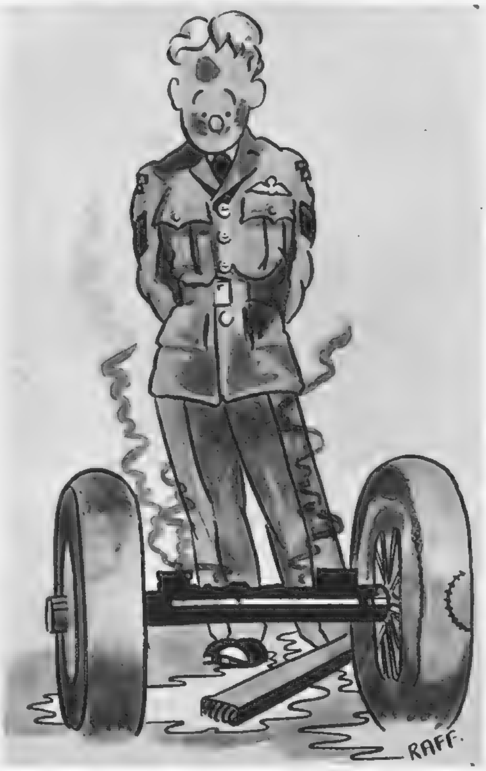
"Maybe it's because we're in uniform," I say lamely; but it makes the three of us feel real good. Everywhere we go people wave and shout; some laugh and others merely point and grin. Even old men and women make some gesticulation. Yep, we feel right happy.

"I take it all back," I shout.

"I thought you would!" They are both kinda bucked at being able to show me how cheery and spontaneous the English folk really were.

After a while I begin to smell something and mention it to the others, but they both seem to suffer from anosmia and say there's nothing at all. As we round a bend, old Peter happens to glance back and—oh, boy! does he pull that little buggy up with a jerk!

That once beautiful caravan is now a flaming bonfire. We cannot do anything to stop the fire and have to stand by while it devours the caravan lock, stock and barrel. We manage to save the tyres and the wheels by sprinkling a spot of our half-pint extinguisher on each, so we tow the skeleton home.



We managed to save the tyres and wheels.

"Merely a sense of decorum, old boy!"

"English affability," I mutter, but it's not exactly the propitious moment. When we get home and find out that the caravan is insured we see the funny side to the whole adventure.

One thing about it, Hank: it may take a fire to make the English wave, but, given the equipment, they're pretty smart at putting it out. They're doing O.K. with the conflagration in Europe. . . .

Yours, BRICK CHALMERS.

* A term meaning you have not got it and haven't a chance of getting it.

WHO HELP THEMSELVES.*

By CHARLES LLOYD.

PAULA lay flat on her back in the wide divan bed staring up at the ceiling. It was nearly eleven in the morning and high time that she should be getting up, but for the fact that there was really nothing for her to do once she had bathed and dressed—that is, nothing until six o'clock, when she was going to Belinda Marley's cocktail party. She did not particularly like Belinda, but it was somewhere to go, and Paula was passionately fond of parties. She herself was a generous hostess as far as her funds would permit, but somehow she always seemed to be the donor, and rarely the recipient, of invitations.

She frowned a little at these reflections and toyed with the idea of calling Michael Jaymes and inviting herself to luncheon, and then thought that he might consider such behaviour forward, which, indeed, would have been his immediate reaction.

Paula sighed as she swung her legs over the edge of the bed. She looked coldly at her reflection in the sheet of mirror which covered her bathroom door. She could not think why she was not more of a success. She was pretty, young, a good dancer, a fair conversationist and also spoke four languages. And yet during her twenty-eight years of life she had received only one proposal of marriage, which, for obvious reasons, had been quite out of the question, and no "propositions" at all.

By birth Paula was a Lett. But her family had emigrated to America when she was an infant in arms, and there they had remained and prospered until finally her father had died, leaving his wife and two daughters in extremely comfortable circumstances.

Paula was deeply distressed by his decease, but she had, on the other hand, never really cared for her mother, and so, at the age of twenty-one, having discovered that she had been left a private income of something over eleven hundred pounds a year, she had at once decided to live in England.

Her mother and her sister Sylvia, out of curiosity rather than affection, had come to visit her for one rather depressing season and had then returned gratefully to the States, leaving the first-born to the land of her choice.

During the subsequent seven years Paula had made a great number of acquaintances and given innumerable "informal" cocktail parties—although what a formal cocktail party might be like I have never gathered—and had accustomed herself to losing most of her sleep in the dubious delights of bottle parties of varying degrees of desirability and squalor.

Naturally, after such a long period these diversions were apt to pall, and a certain wild hysteria crept into her search for pleasure. She began to drink to excess, which hitherto had not been one of her failings, and, tiring of the ever-changing stream of faces around her hospitable board, had endeavoured to cling to a few tried familiars and thus make a little circle for herself in which she could relax, for she found that *bons mots* were increasingly hard to bring out with any convincing effect of spontaneity.

The selected familiars, however, either failed to respond to this plan or else were unappreciative of such a signal honour; and again Paula was driven to the telephone to fill her days, and to smoke-filled cellars in which to pass the nights.

Later, after a frighteningly severe hang-over, she was tempted to probe the mysteries of the Oxford Group Movement, but considered their teaching to be an unsatisfactory solution to her own problems; nor did she in any way take kindly to the fellow-guests at the House Party which once she attended.

With the outbreak of the war, Paula offered her services to a canteen in one of the more fashionable of the London squares, and there she was happy enough until the sad day when its staff was disbanded, and all the amateur helpers told with many thanks that their presence there was no longer required. Poor Paula left her chores with a heavy heart, knowing full well that, with the majority of her contemporaries employed either in war work of some sort or in military service, she would find even greater difficulty in keeping up to herself the illusion of life as a Mad Gay Whirl.

And thinking over these despondent facts as she soaked in her steaming bath, she suddenly had an inspiration. She would let drop subtle hints that she was employed in Intelligence; for the benefit of which Government her talents would be ascribed she did not attempt to clarify, and weakly decided to leave it to fate to steer her future through whatsoever channels might lie ahead.

Now, in her way, Paula was no fool, and so well did she play her part that several weeks elapsed before any ripple showed that a fish was rising to her bait. She began by introducing a more cosmopolitan element into her entertaining, at first just one or two exotic individuals, gradually increasing their numbers until the foreign influence became predominant. Russians, Austrians, Czechs, Poles and Italians crowded her flat and swallowed her Martinis and Orange Blossoms, until Michael Jaymes felt it incumbent upon himself to remark that "Paula was now running a House of all Nations," a sally which met with general approval and which enjoyed much repetition.

Occasionally, Paula would allow herself to be seen lunching or dining tête-à-tête with some Turkish gentleman, or Jew of doubtful nationality; or she would arrange to be surprised at home while engaged in intimate and animated discussion with an official from some troubled Balkan legation.

And by degrees the old-time British members of her salon dropped away until she found herself surrounded solely by those of alien blood. In former days this would have been a source of alarm and grief to her, but now she went confidently on her way, refusing to allow any qualms as to the success of her scheme.

And then came the memorable morning when Sir Henry Harboard telephoned to her and asked her if she would accompany him to the theatre on the following Thursday. They had met, he reminded her, in the summer, with John Soverby. Paula was enchanted to accept. Henry Harboard was young, handsome, rich and single, and Paula had often watched enviously the brilliant and exclusive set in which he moved. And after Henry came further invitations from other young men whose friendship she had always secretly hoped to gain, but had never really believed that it would actually come to pass. She found her new admirers, one and all, extremely attentive. They laughed uproariously at her witticisms and she could trot out her most hoary wisecracks without fear of repetition, since the gentlemen in question were in every case of recent advent in her life, and they took the deepest interest in her thoughts, activities and opinions, which could not have been more flattering or enjoyable. Never, in all her memory, had Paula had such a time.

Naturally, none of the attractive sleuths discovered anything of import, for, truth to tell, there was nothing there for the industrious creatures to unmask; but the lack of results made a spirit of keen competition spring up among them, and "Tough Nut No. 1," as Paula's nickname soon became in the large barracks which housed a colossal number of Government officials, including her escorts, grew into a burning problem for the authorities.

There was, indeed, no knowing where the matter might not have ended except for the fact that Michael Jaymes, who had always nursed a sneaking admiration for Paula, was so galvanised by the popularity which his old friend was enjoying that on his first Army leave he proposed marriage to her and was instantly accepted.

It was something of a disappointment to him that following their marriage her glamorous entourage began to lose interest in his wife, who had abandoned her Foreign Legion with astonishing abruptness; but Michael rapidly forgot their existence and settled down into domestic happiness. Paula proved to be an ideal wife for him, and in due course produced twins who were the apples of their combined eyes.

And so Paula's plan turned out to be a brilliant piece of strategy, and it was only incidental, and not through malice aforethought, that a large amount of public money and a great deal of valuable time had been spent and wasted by the Secret Service and their indefatigable henchmen.

Paula will enjoy a respectable middle age, and should she ever discover her name to be prominent on a closely guarded Black List, she would be more than indignant; for the Empire possesses no stronger and more steadfast pillar than Mrs. Michael Jaymes.

Which only goes to show what desperation and ingenuity can accomplish.

THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

..I went all out"

When the great and final moments of this war come and Democracy thunders out the doom of tyrants, will you be able to claim that you, too, did all you could?

We cannot all fight—but we can all get behind the fighting man and hand him up the tools. And one way to see that he gets the tools is to save till it hurts—to spend not a farthing more than you need—and so to leave everything possible for the Nation's service to help to win the war.

Buy
3% Defence Bonds

An ideal investment for everybody.

This space has been placed at the disposal of The National Savings Committee by Messrs. Whitbread & Co. Ltd.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

W. H. SANDERSON & SON LTD., LEITH

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"TOO many brokers spoil the bargain. If you split your order," the broker remarked, "you 're as likely as not to spoil the market for yourself."

"There are many jobbers, aren't there ?"

"In our most active stocks and shares there are. But your brokers probably all try the same jobbers; and, if you 're knifey, they soon find out what you want to do."

"Knifey ?"

"Right on the spot. Middle price. Giving nothing away. You know—knifey."

"One broker may be able to do the business, even if another broker cannot. That 's why I think it pays me to divide this order between you and the other firm."

"There I disagree with you. What I say is, give the order to one of us —to me for choice, of course — but for your own sake, don't divide it. Oh, yes. I know you will say that a little competition is healthy——"

"When did I say that ?" asked Our Stroller.

"You thought it, I know. Many other people fall into the same error. Split your order by all means—if it 's large enough to stand it—but only when you 're dealing in something with an active market."

"And it doesn't always pay, even then," the partner continued. "The safest rule in the Stock Exchange nowadays is 'Deal when you can.' Otherwise you run a mighty fine chance of missing your market."

"At that rate, I should sell all my Argentine Railway stocks, seeing that I now have a chance to get out."

"Theoretically, that 's the proper thing to do. But you know, without my telling you, that after the war, the world will be standing on the brink of starvation. Famine will stare you in the face."

"I shall put on my gas-mask."

"Don't frivol in business. The one country that is capable of supplying unlimited quantities of corn and wheat and maize is the Argentine. Canada and the United States will want for themselves all that they 're likely to produce as soon as we 've won the war. It 's in Argentine stocks where you will see one of the chief post-war booms."

"Why can't they do all this feeding business now ?"

"Because there aren't enough ships to spare for it, or sufficient exchange to finance it. I 'm told that the Argentine Government has to provide present-day storage for thousands of tons of grain that the farmers can't sell because of the war conditions. But it will all be wanted—you can take it from me."

"You will want it for yourself, to use your own words, if what you say should come true. Still, I think that the home-grown stocks and shares appeal more strongly to my sense of the appropriate."

"Then why not have some of the textiles ? Calico Printers, Bleachers, Bradford Dyers ——"

"But haven't the prices had big rises just lately ?"

"Most of them have, certainly. Bradford Dyers paid off five years' arrears of dividend on their preference shares. That started the demand for the shares. Bleachers preference look all right to me: they carry about seven years' arrears. The price of the one-pound shares is about ten shillings."

"You get a heap of the ordinary shares for a small amount of money," the partner suggested.

"Isn't that rather a dangerous recommendation ?"

"Depends upon your temperament and your bank balance. Stick to the preferences if you want to speculate: buy the ordinary shares if you feel the urge to gamble. . . . I have to go across now. . . ."

"Your markets look thinner every time I come in," Our Stroller commented. "This can't be more than half the normal population of the House, surely."

"That 's about it, I should think," the broker replied. "What I can't make out is where the business all comes from."

"You 're busy, then ?"

"Not too bad. Actually, we mustn't grumble. Our trouble is shortage of staff, and that 's a difficulty that will get worse before it 's better. Half a minute while I go to my drawer."

He pulled it open and showed marking-slips, wire-forms, limit-books and one very green apple. Several bits of paper he took out and studied.

"They keep on coming for newspaper shares," he remarked. "Look here: three different firms, all bidding for the stock."

"Somebody must know something, eh ?"

"I suppose they do. The last reports weren't bad, of course. The companies must be up against the paper shortage, but advertisements are on the increase."

"I 've thought that once or twice lately. There 's plenty of money about, and as you can't spend it on the things you want, you turn to what is offered in other directions."

"It 's the same in the Stock Exchange. Money piles up every week, and it comes into the markets, only to find that the choice of investments is narrower than it used to be."

"No new issues nowadays."

"That's one reason for the scarcity of stock. You might say that all the money ought to go into one or other of the war loans——"

"I shouldn't say that, because, take my own case: I have put about as much as I can manage into them, and I want higher interest on the rest of my money."

"That 's the same with everybody. And you can get seven to ten per cent. from iron and coal and steel: seven per cent. from breweries: eight from Home Railways: five to seven from motors and aircraft: six from shipping: four and a half from banks——"

"Two brothers," said a broker turning round. "Clients of mine; each came into a line of shares by inheritance. One of them was already a holder, and a director of the company. The shares went up and the director sold all except his qualification shares, at thirty-five shillings."

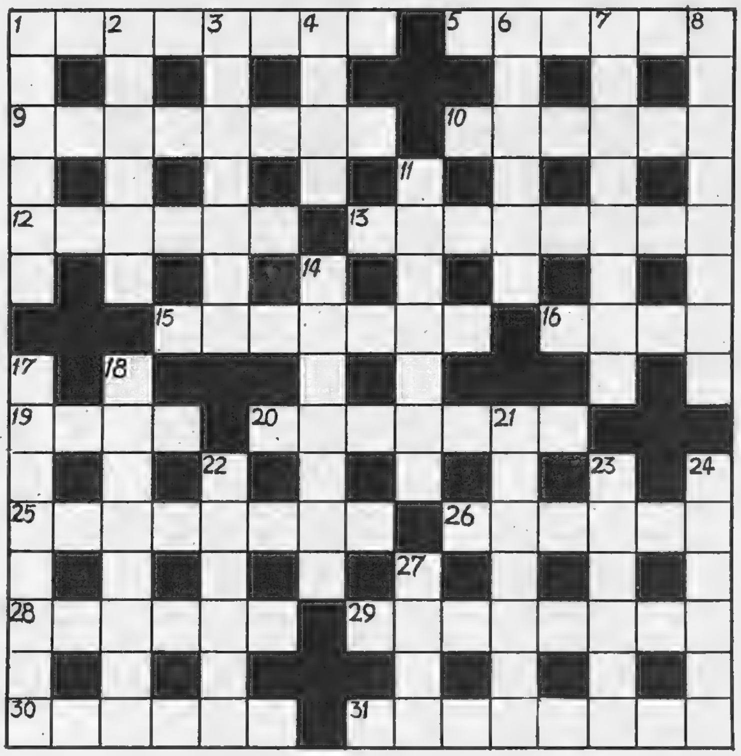
"The brother was an officer in the Army—years ago, this was—he knew nothing whatever about business, so he stuck to his shares and cleared out at seventy-five shillings. With the money, he bought Victory bonds at 80. They 're 111½ to-day."

The Stroller and his broker looked hard at one another. The one o'clock news broadcast started, and silence fell. The two men waited to hear the summary before they left. And Our Stroller stopped to pick up, from the War Savings table in the American market, a couple of applications for Savings Bonds.

"You never know," said he to his broker. "But thirty-one points profit. It makes you think, doesn't it !"

Friday, September 5, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Flowers that seem to discourage some of the fieldsmen (8).
5. To aim high on a church ? (6).
9. On the mark (8).
10. Pair giving a French blow plus definite article (6).
12. I gets up for the flowers (6).
13. Fruit not often fit to be eaten (8).
15. This substance has to stop for 5's anger (7).
16. After the letters ? (4).
19. Winged castle (4).
20. The way caps lie in particular (7).
25. A soldier helping to control a football game ? (8).
26. French painter (6).
28. This soldier is not coming back on 5's tail (6).
29. Just the opposite of what the camera produces (8).
30. Colloquial cigarette (6).
31. Fail to reach the top of the mountain (8).

DOWN.

1. He keeps you and me in money (6).
2. A beetle with a beak (6).
3. Donation towards our Merchant Navy (7).
4. Long tree (4).
6. Fire feeder from the Potteries perhaps (6).
7. Incarcerate (8).
8. " . . . the ——— So mixed in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This was a man !' " (8).
11. Fastening for the highway robber's cell ? (7).
14. Two fellows make one pedlar (7).
17. But the sergeant should see that it doesn't become boring (8).
18. Calculating people in shops (8).
21. Friendships (6).
22. A horse on land (6).
23. I get in position in deep water (6).
24. Stripe (6).
27. I have a good deal for the French novelist (4).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUGUST 27.

ACROSS.—1. Shale. 7. Lamps. 12. Cone. 13. Stout. 16. Poet. 17. Rate. 18. Irish. 19. Slay. 20. Axis. 21. Malta. 22. Earl. 23. Consent. 25. Period. 27. Rehash. 30. Forms. 31. Stile. 33. Enter. 34. Reset. 35. Ulcered. 40. Dresser. 44. Easy all ! 48. Rant. 49. Games. 51. Oval. 52. Ogre. 53. Abaft. 54. Képi. 55. Pliant. 56. Ever so. 57. Sack. 58. Eager. 59. Lien.

DOWN.—1. Scram. 2. Hoax. 3. Anti-Left. 4. Lees. 5. Strands. 6. Musters. 8. Apse. 9. Molasses. 10. Pear. 11. Style. 13. Simoom. 14. Oils. 15. Thanet. 23. Cirrus. 24. Thirds. 26. Roe. 28. Ale. 29. Dewdrops. 32. Stallion. 36. Legatee. 37. Crab. 38. Reef. 39. Eastern. 41. Raglan. 42. Enrich. 43. Steak. 45. Yokel. 46. Averil. 47. Lapses. 50. Mange.

FIGHTER-POWER

THE Spitfires and Hurricanes this year are far more formidable than they were when they won the Battle of Britain.

Most of this is explained by the magnificent manner in which the Rolls-Royce engineers have answered the call for more power.

The latest Rolls-Royce Merlin motor gives more power than the Merlin of a year ago, and gives it at a greater height, so that our fighters can not only fly faster but higher as well, which is even more important. *Sunday Times, May 11th.*

ROLLS-ROYCE

AERO ENGINES

For Speed and Reliability

GRANT'S *Scotch* WHISKY

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD., DISTILLERS, DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND. *London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch, Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., 153, Regent Street, W.1.*

WOMEN IN WARTIME.

UNLINED TAILORED SUITS.

SIMPLE KNITTED ACCESSORIES.

ACCESSORIES are important, especially jumpers and twin sets. Those portrayed are ideal for wearing with the suit on the left. The cardigan above is in Argosy-Crepe superfine "fibro and wool." It is of tested quality: the shaped vest is an attractive feature.

HERE is a twin set for which Argosy four-ply superfine fibro and wool has been used. All knitting yarns bearing this name have been specially tested for washing and wearing qualities.

CONSIDERABLE amount of thought is being given to using the minimum amount of material for the building of tailored suits. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are to be congratulated on introducing the unlined coat, and so beautifully is it tailored that it fits the figure perfectly. The suit above is unlined, and is carried out in gladioli-pink featherweight delaine. Of course, a lining may be added if desired: naturally this increases the number of coupons. Many of the suits in these salons have cardigan coats, both lined and unlined. The "classic" theme prevails, hence in the spring, with slight alterations, the aspect of the suit may be completely altered. Then there is a new process called "shaving," which gives the fabricating medium a new lease of life. Contrasting coats and skirts are well represented; the majority of the former are of checked tweed, the design being worked in a remarkably clever manner.

ARGOSY-CREPE has been used for the jumper above. It is a new development in the world of knitting yarn. It has qualities entirely individual and is soft and light to feel. Working instructions are available from stores of prestige. They are quick and easy to follow.

MAN'S MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION

Now that a suit is rapidly becoming man's most precious possession—ask your tailor to cut yours in Sportex. This Scottish-woven cloth conceals the toughness of bracken beneath an aristocratic smoothness of texture and choice of design, and is equally at home in town or country.

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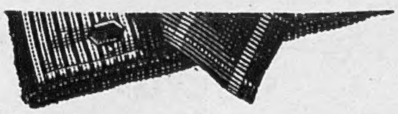

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PRINCESS SLIPS		Bust	
K.7 Rayon Satin	}	32", 34", 36" ...	**8/11**
		38", 40" ...	**9/11**
K.C.7 Rayon Crêpe	}	42", 44" ...	**11/6**
FRENCH KNICKERS		Waist	
F.K.4	Rayon Satin -	25", 27", 30", 33"	**5/9**
F.K.C.4	Rayon Crêpe	- - - -	**5/9**

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